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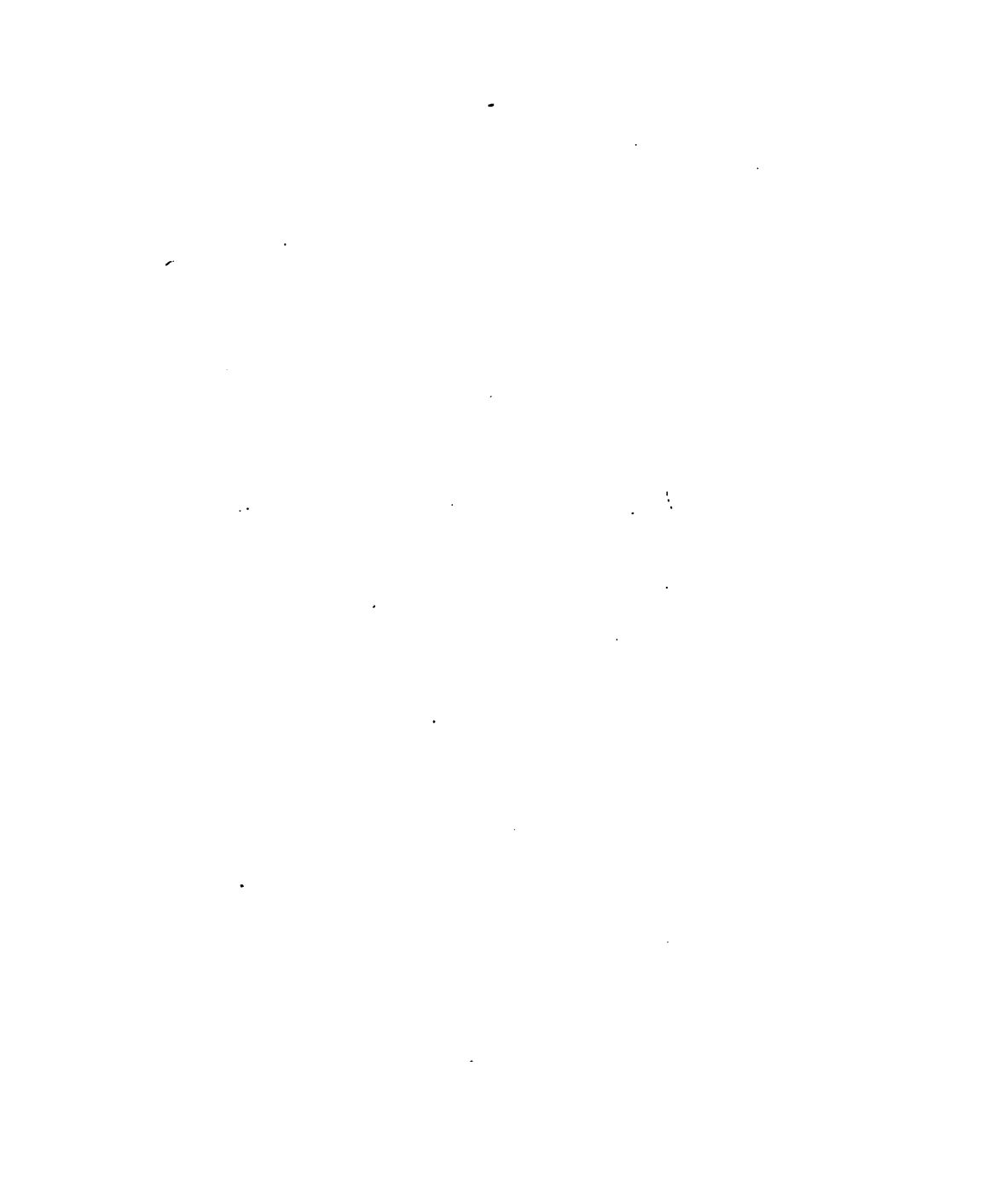
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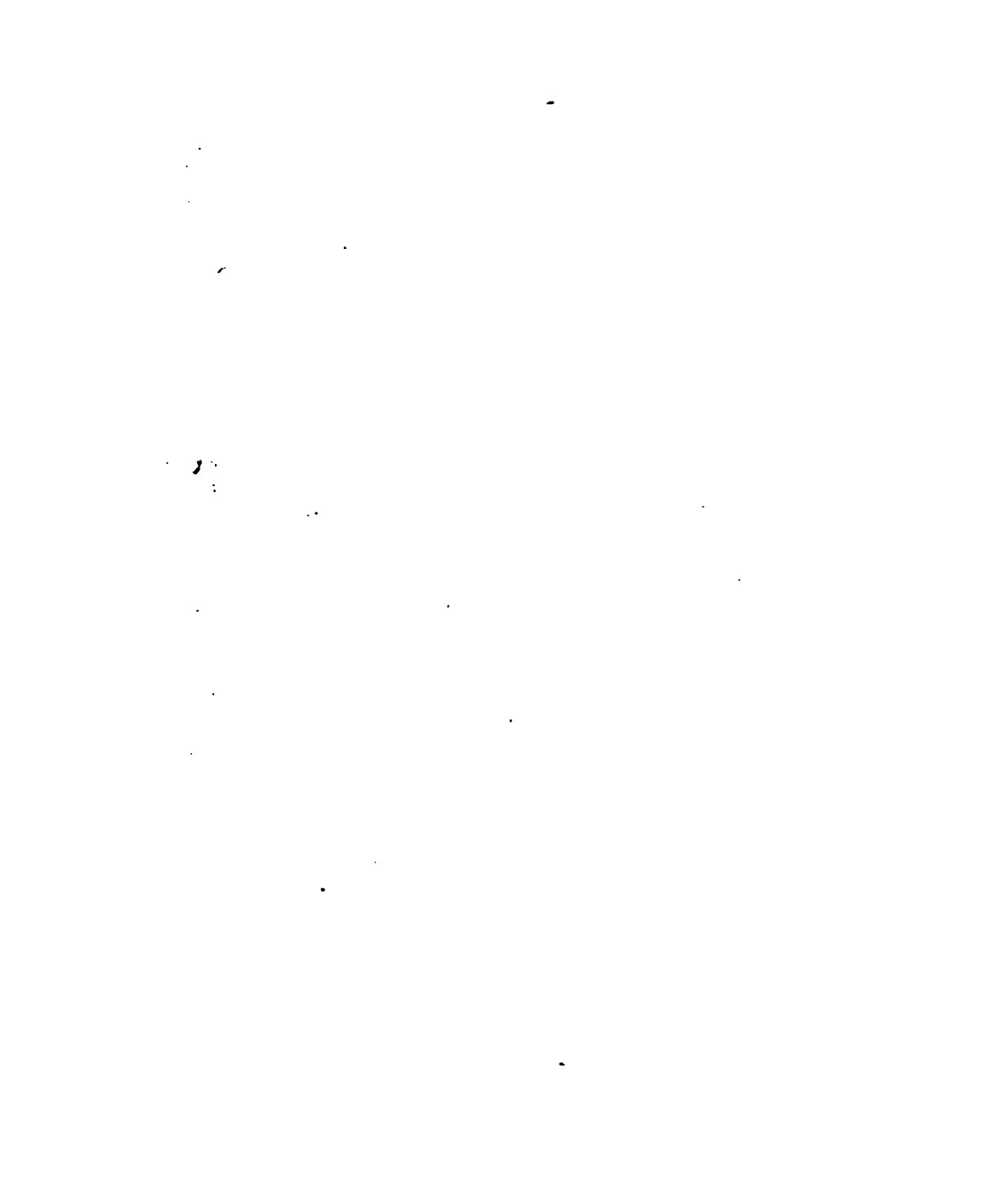
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AIDS TO ENDEAVOR

CONSISTING OF SELECTIONS
FROM STANDARD AUTHORS
DESIGNED FOR THE PUBLIC
AND PRIVATE USE OF THE

Y. P. S. C. E.

INTRODUCTION BY

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

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PREFACE.

THE material for this work has been gathered from various sources, and in many instances the authors' names could not be learned. We take the liberty of inserting the selections, trusting their mission may be extended thereby.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE rapid multiplication of Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in all parts of the land until their membership now exceeds a half million of young men and maidens, with increasing thousands added to their ranks every week, and the fact that the central point of these organizations — "their pulsating heart" as it has been called — is the weekly prayer meeting, make such a book as this not only desirable, but well-nigh a necessity.

Many of these young disciples, timid and self-distrustful at the beginning of their Christian lives, hesitate to trust themselves to the utterance of original sentiments, but yet they have solemnly pledged themselves to participate in some way in the prayer meeting. Just as soon as possible should they give utterance to their love and loyalty to Christ *in their own language*, but at the very beginning they may well employ the language of others. Frequently they may use Scripture texts and often they may appropriately vary these texts with a choice devotional selection bearing upon the subject of the meeting from some spiritually helpful author.

To fill just such a need as this has this book been compiled.

The essential qualities of such a compilation are that the selections should be chosen judiciously from a wide field of literature, that they should always be of a devotional character, and that the needs of those for whom the book is compiled should never be forgotten. I believe that this volume fulfills all these requirements.

I have frequently wondered that such a book as this has not before been published, and had it not been for a great pressure of other duties should have myself attempted its compilation. I am convinced, however, that the results would not have been so satisfactory as in the present excellent volume, for which I desire the largest usefulness and success, and which I heartily commend to Societies of Christian Endeavor everywhere.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Boston, September 18. 1889.



WHY I CONFESS CHRIST.

- I. Because salvation is promised to a true confessor. — *Rom. x. 9.*
- II. Because it is a test of Christian character. — *1 John ii. 20.*
- III. Because by confession we witness for the truth. — *1 Tim. vi. 15; John xii. 42.*
- IV. The example of the early Christians requires it. — *John i. 49; John vi. 68; Acts vii. 59.*
- V. The Saviour requires it of his people. Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven. — *Matt. x. 32.*

TWELVE THINGS THAT WILL *NOT* SECURE SALVATION.

ARRANGED BY FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

1. A Lovely Character.
2. An Intellectual Reception of the Truths of Christianity.
3. An Active Part in Church Work.
4. Baptism.
5. Church-membership.
6. Faithful Attendance upon Public Worship.
7. Large Contributions to the Cause of Christ.
8. Morality.
9. Outward Observance of Religious Duties.
10. Religious Feeling.
11. Subscription to a Creed.
12. The Lord's Supper.

THE *ONLY* THING THAT WILL SECURE SALVATION.

Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as your personal Saviour.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. — *John v. 24.*

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou SHALT be saved. — *Acts xvi. 31.*

Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. — *John vi. 37.*

THE PEACE OF FULL SURRENDER.

O the peace of full surrender —

All my joy to do His will!

Mine to trust His faithful promise ;

His the promise to fulfill.

O the glory and the rapture,

Thus to dwell with Christ the Lord ;

New delight and wisdom gaining

From the study of His word.

Pleasure's songs no more entice me,

Nor the bugle notes of Fame ;

Sweeter far the holy music

Of my dear Redeemer's name.

O the glory and the rapture —

Earthly burdens pass away !

Stormy winter turns to summer ;

Lonely darkness into day.

Frederic R. Marvin.

A WORD WITH LEADERS OF MEETINGS.

One of the happy features of our societies is, I think, their entire flexibility and adaptability to all kinds of churches in city or country, and in all denominations. For this reason I do not believe in having any absolute uniformity for opening or closing exercises, or in prescribing anything that might seem like a ritual. In fact, I do not believe in having any two meetings exactly alike. This variety is insured by having so many different leaders, for no two will conduct the meeting in just the same way.

But, after all, with all the variety which we desire and seek, there are certain little matters which will go far toward securing a good meeting.

THE LEADER.

The leader should know of his appointment long enough in advance to thoroughly prepare himself: not, of course, by preparing a long speech (a few pithy, earnest opening words, by the way, call for

more preparation than a long, rambling talk), but by making the more important heart preparation, and arranging the little details which go so far to make a good meeting.

The leader should become familiar with the passage of Scripture he is to read at the opening of the meeting, by reading it over to himself more than once. A blundering reader destroys the solemnity which should always attend the reading of the Scriptures.

There is no excuse for making a failure of this duty. Any one who can read at all can become so familiar with the few verses which are all he needs to read in public that he shall make no mistake.

STUDY THE HYMN-BOOK.

Then let him study the hymn-book ; choose half a dozen hymns that are appropriate to the subject, and that can be sung. Of all dreary, dispiriting effects, the most dreary arises when a congregation in a prayer meeting is called upon to sing a hymn that few know or dare to try. Two or three quavering voices attempt to follow the demi-semi-quavers of the notes, make an unsuccessful attempt to keep up with the pianist, and at last give up in despair and let the *rest finish the verse* alone. If the leader knows

nothing about singing, let him appeal beforehand to some one who does understand it to assist him.

AT THE BEGINNING.

Let the leader begin the meeting on time. It is usually best to sing once, and perhaps twice, but not more than two verses of a hymn. Then have a brief prayer from the leader, or three or four brief prayers from the members, or, perhaps, a minute or two of silent prayer for God's blessing upon the meeting.

Then those who are present will be in a good frame to hear the Scripture read, and to listen to the brief remarks of the leader. These might well be followed by another hymn, by more prayers, by Scripture verses, which often should be called for near the opening of the meeting, so as to lead the younger ones to feel that their time for participation has come.

If a particular time like this is given when Scripture passages are expected, many timid and bashful ones will take their part when otherwise they might not find the right minute in the whole hour.

SPONTANEITY.

Let the leader give out all the hymns † given from the hymn-book. The more spe

hymn-singing the better, however, when the tune is struck without any reference to the book. In fact, encourage and expect the utmost spontaneity in prayer, remarks, Scripture and other recitations. If the meeting drags, call for a little season of sentence prayers for more spiritual fervor.

Do not rely on the ever-convenient hymn-book always to fill up the pause. Sometimes ask a question of the pastor or of one of the older ones, to start a meeting that has got stalled in some deep rut of formality or indifference. Use all the invention and forethought that God has given you to make the meeting which you are called upon to lead the most spiritually helpful that it can possibly be made. Above all, pray, pray, pray, for weeks beforehand, in special preparation just before the service, on the way to the meeting, at the meeting as well, and you will not have an unprofitable gathering, I am sure.

Close promptly on the hour, and always get the pastor to pronounce the benediction. If he is willing sometimes to lead you in the "Christian Endeavor benediction," in which all can unite, so much the better.

By way of suggestion simply, I append an excellent order of service, somewhat abbreviated to suit our *space*, which is used in one society, and which has *been sent me by a good friend of our cause, Rev.*

Mr. Faber. No other society may care to adopt it in full, but many may obtain helpful hints. Here it is:

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR. — MONTHLY CONSECRATION-MEETING.

In opening the meeting there is sung the following or some other suitable hymn:

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

Leader. Let us pray. Give ear, O Lord, unto our prayer, and attend to the voice of our supplications. Make us poor in spirit.

Members. That ours may be the kingdom of heaven.

L. Make us to mourn for sin:

M. That we may be comforted by Thy grace.

L. Make us meek:

M. That we may inherit the earth.

L. Make us to hunger and thirst after righteousness:

M. That we may be filled therewith.

L. Make us merciful:

M. That we may obtain mercy.

L. Make us pure in heart:

M. That we may see Thee.

L. Make us peace-makers:

M. That we may be called Thy children.

L. Make us willing to be persecuted for righteousness' sake:

M. That our reward may be great in heaven.

All. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Then will be read by the leader the portion of Scripture appointed for the evening, after which will follow informally remarks, testimonies and prayers, with singing.

In closing, the following order is observed: The secretary calls the roll of active members, each responding to his name.

Leader. Let us repeat our pledge.

All. Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will pray to Him and read the Bible every day, and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an active member, I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at and to take some part, aside from singing, in every meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration-meeting, *I will, if possible, send an excuse for absence to the society.*

Then is sung the following hymn of consecration :

“Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,” etc.

All. The Lord watch between me and thee while we are
absent one from another.

After all that can be said, and all the hints that can be given, prayer and preparation and common sense on the part of the leader are more important than any other qualities. A prayerful leader is the one whom the Holy Spirit honors and uses.

Your friend,

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

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CONSECRATION HYMN.

*Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.*

*Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.*

*Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.*

*Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.*

*Take my voice, and let it sing
Always, only, for my King.*

*Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.*

*Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.*

*Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.*

*Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.*

*Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.*

*Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.*

*Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.*

Frances Ridley Havergal.

AIDS TO ENDEAVOR

Prayer, praise, thanksgiving, contemplation, are the peculiar privilege and duty of a Christian.

REV. JOHN H. NEWMAN.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.

Ally yourselves with the tendencies of God's universe, and do the thing which will last forever.

MACLAREN.

“So God delights to teach this lesson ever, —
That his success depends on our endeavor;
That, lovingly performed, each lowly duty
Adds to the inner strength and outer beauty.”

It is the mark of nobleness to volunteer the lowest service, the greatest spirit only attaining to humility. Nay, God is God because He is the servant of all.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Thy love
Shall chant itself in its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad ;
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich ;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong ;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service that thou renderest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Tread cheerfully every day the path in which Providence leads ; seek nothing, be discouraged by nothing, see duty in the present moment, trust all else without reserve to the will and power of God.

FÉNELON.

“Each hour has its appointed sound ;
All life is set in rhythmic times ;
The notes escape earth's narrow bound,
But God is ringing out the chimes.”

No one has a right to be called a Christian who does not do somewhat toward the discharge of the trust reposed in him.

BISHOP BUTLER.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I cannot reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Raise each low aim, refine each high emotion,
That with more ardent footsteps I may press
Toward Thy holiness.

J. D. BURNS.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

There can be no beautiful, symmetrical unfolding
of the new life without constant acknowledgment of
Him who is that Life.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be !
Oh, Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,
And all we are and all we have shall henceforth be
Thine own !

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Only what we have wrought into our characters
during life can we take away with us.

HUMBOLDT.

“ We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made ;
And fill our future’s atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.”

The talent of success is nothing more than doing
what you can do well, without a thought of fame.

LONGFELLOW.

Great duties are before me, and great songs ;
And, whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the be-
ginning of life, and every setting sun as its close ;
then let every one of these short lives leave its sure
record of some kindly thing done for others — some
goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

JOHN RUSKIN.

It isn't the thing you do,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were too hurried to say,
The loving touch of the hand,
The gentle and winsome tone
For which you had no time nor thought,
With troubles enough of your own.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

No pain suffered, nor service rendered, nor work done for Christ, is lost. . . . The poorer we become for Him, the richer we shall grow. The more we forget ourselves, the more will He remember us.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes, —
These are not lost.

RICHARD METCALF.

One person may not succeed in dispelling all the miasms of the earth, but if he can only cleanse one little corner of it, if he can but send through the murky air one cool, bracing, healthy gale, he will do much better than to sit under his vine, appalled by the greatness of the evil.

GAIL HAMILTON.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone,
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

ROBERT COLLYER.

If we work upon marble, it will perish ; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust ; if we work upon immortal minds — if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men — we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten for eternity.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Each triumph of the Right —
Each action grand and pure —
Written in lines of light,
Forever shall endure !

AMASA LEAR.

It seemed to me that holiness brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness and nourishment to the soul ; that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !

LONGFELLOW.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled thereby.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings.
Yet dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers failed, or the sun shone not.
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

O, Beauty of ancient days, ancient but ever new!
Too late I sought Thee, too late I found Thee. I
sought Thee at a distance, and did not know that
Thou wast near. I sought Thee abroad in Thy
works, and behold, Thou wast within me.

Confessions of Saint Augustine.

Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the world in which you live;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole—
That, I alone, can give.

CELIA THAXTER.

Reason is God-like. It allies man to the Infinite as nothing else does . . . It has led man to exclaim in the conscious littleness of his soul, "How great a God is our God!" "His ways are past finding out."

REV. J. E. STEBBINS.

I know that I am weak,
And that the pathway of His Providence
Is on the hills where I may never climb,
Therefore my reason yields her hand to Faith,
And follows meekly where the angel leads.
. . . I see that whom God loves
He chastens sorely, but ask not why;
I only know that God is just and good:
All else is mystery.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

"Little by little all tasks are done —
So are the crowns of the faithful won —
So is heaven in our hearts begun."

There are no times in life when opportunity, the chance to be and to do, gathers so richly about the soul as when it has to suffer.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain,
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

GOLDSMITH.

“We see not in this life the end of human actions; their influence never dies. In ever-widening circles it reaches beyond the grave . . . Every morning, when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand on our destiny; and every evening, when we have done, we have left a deathless impress upon our character. We touch not a wire, but vibrates in eternity; arouse not a voice but reports at the throne of God.”

“No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.”

Work is the best birthright which man still retains. It is the strongest of moral tonics, the most vigorous of mental medicines.

Between the Lights.

Now, thou mayest give
The famished food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darkened mind, to the lost soul
A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude. Speck as thou art
Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
To be co-worker with the King of kings.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Never be dispirited; never say, "It is too late"
. . . never lose heart under opposition; hold
on to the end, and you may at last be victorious
. . . The fitting course for a man is to do what
is good for the moment, without vainly forecasting
the future—to do the present duty and leave the
results to God.

DEAN STANLEY.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for the morrow —
Every day begin again.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Life does not stop—it is death then. Life goes on, though ring after ring of the tree trunk, and leaf after leaf in the spring-time should be the same. There is more and more of it; and, after a while, its multiplied sameness is its breadth and glory.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Yes, the new days come, and the old days go,
And I the while rejoice,
For now 'tis the rose, and now the snow,
And now a sweet bird voice.
And now 'tis the heart of all that is sweet,
And then the shade of care,
And then 'tis a pain like the lightning fleet,
And then God's glory there.

W. BRUNTON.

A child of God was never made bankrupt by his benevolence. What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to keep.

REV. T. S. CUYLER.

For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in Heaven
What was lent unto the Lord !

JOHN G. SAXE.

Have you a want? Keep it not: carry it to Him—it shall lie on the mercy-seat to be considered; in due time shall be written on it, “To be provided for.”

LADY POWERSCOURT.

The dear God hears and pities all,
He knoweth all our wants,
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.
And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one,
And nest and perch, and hearth and church,
Repeat “Thy will be done.”

WHITTIER.

Will a man ever love his enemies? He may come to do good to them that hate him; but when will he pray for them that despitefully use him and persecute him? When he is the child of his Father in heaven.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Then thou shalt learn the secret of a power,
Mine to bestow, which heals the ills of living;
To overcome by love, to live by prayer,
To conquer man's worst evils by forgiving.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

“Religion has never been and is not primarily a matter of feeling, but of conscience and conduct. Feeling is as likely to be the result of nerve, calibre, and action, as it is of downright piety. Never mind how you feel, if your heart and life are right.”

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from
above ;
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and
love ;
They come to teach us lessons which bright ones
could not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose
is fulfilled.

ANON.

It is not to him who sees Christ brightly that the promises are made, but to him who looks. A bright view may minister comfort, but it is looking to Christ which ministers safety.

CHALMERS.

Yea! in Thy life our little lives are ended,
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall ;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — Thou hold'st us all.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

Faith in immortality is the highest tribute that the world has paid to the worth of life.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It would not be worth while to live, if we were to die entirely. That which alleviates labor and sanctifies toil is to have before us the vision of a better world through the darkness of this life. That world is forever before my eyes. It is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.

VICTOR HUGO.

There is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

LORD LYTTON.

"Heaven is the opening of a door ; it is the finding of a long-sought good, the renewal of a long-lost communion, the restoration to a favor which is in itself the fullness of joy."

Far out of sight, while sorrow still infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us.
Than these few words : " I shall be satisfied ! "

“Mercy is the fairest attribute in Jehovah’s nature.”

We hand people over to God’s mercy and show none ourselves.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The quality of mercy is not strained,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
 ’Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :

 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all
 To render the deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou are not ; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

“How little it takes to stain the character. A single drop of ink is a very small thing, yet dipped into a tumbler of clean water, it blackens the whole. And so the first oath, the first lie, the first glass of drink, seem very small things, yet leave a dark stain upon the character. Look out for the first stain.”

“God help us all and lead us day by day,

God help us all !

We cannot walk alone the perfect way,

Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall,

We are but human and our power is small ;

Not one of us may boast, and not a day

Rolls o'er our heads but each has need to say,

God help us all ! ”

Sow an act, and you reap a habit ; sow a habit, and you reap a character ; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

ANON.

“Little by little, sure and slow,

We fashion our futures of bliss or woe

As the present passes away.

Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,

Or gliding downward into the night,

Little by little, day by day.”

The intentions of God are always strange to us ;
but not more so than the means by which they are
wrought out, and at last made plain to our belief.

LEW. WALLACE.

Lord, when I stand and gaze
On the night heavens, Thy ways
Confound my thought, they are too great for me ;
But wonders, these are none,
Thou hast them so outdone
In the great ways of Thy humility.

JEAN INGELOW.

There is no such thing as a really happy selfish
man. Man was not made to live for himself alone,
and if he try, he finds himself out of his native
element . . . There is no higher style of life than
to live to do good.

REV. J. E. STEBBINS.

So others shall take patience, labor, to their heart
and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer.
. . . The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another near.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“A religious life is not a thing that spends itself like a bright bubble on the river’s surface. It is rather like the river itself which widens continually, until it rolls on, into the ocean of eternity.”

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs.

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

BAILEY.

Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear and with a manly heart.

LONGFELLOW.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

By life's battle there is being wrought out in men a nobler character, . . . a purified courage, a sweeter resignation, an invincible trust in God, and thus they are being prepared to rise superior to their circumstances, and to evince a divinely-kindled manhood. . . . He that conquers life shall find death itself conquered, and himself a victor before God and his angels.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[From Morning and Evening Exercises.]

"Strive and not rest !
Rest here below is none.
Beneath a sky o'erarching
The hosts of men are marching,
Angels look on."

London Spectator.

There are glimpses of heaven granted to us by every act, or thought, or word, which raises us above ourselves.

DEAN STANLEY.

Ah ! in all issues of poor human strife
Naught brings reward save a sweet ministering life,
Man's mission lies in goodness, mercy, love ;
These, nurtured here, eternal bloom above.

HENRY FAUNTLEROY.

A child of God should always be a visible beatitude for joy and happiness, and a living doxology for gratitude and adoration.

SPURGEON.

Lord Jesus, make our lives one long thanksgiving,
One loving service rendered unto Thee ;
Risen with Thee, for Thee and in Thee living,
Keep us thine own, dear Lord, eternally.

The Churchman.

This, then, is the sum of all. Circumstances are not in our power ; virtues are. It is not in our power to avert the bitter failure which earth may inflict ; it is in our power to win the high success which God bestows.

CANON FARRAR.

O power to do ! O baffled will !
O prayer and action ! ye are one ;
Who may not strive, may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished, with God is done !

WHITTIER.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The fall thou darest to despise,
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

"Be steadfast. Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of ridicule, than you can enjoy your life if you live in constant terror of death. . . . Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience."

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“Meditation is done in silence. . . . The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of sacred, solitary moments.”

Be it ours to meditate
In the calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Habit is a cable ; we weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it.

MANN.

“Resist beginnings : whatsoe’er it is,
Though it appear light and of little moment,
Think of it thus — that, what it is, augmented,
Would run to strong and sharp extremities.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

DRYDEN.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle that fits them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half-way to lying, and lying is the whole way to eternal destruction.

WILLIAM PENN.

Where danger dwells there dwells not Truth;
Nor gold, nor gems, nor rosy youth
Shall friendly be, when she hath fled;
The soul that knows her not is dead.

FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year. . . . Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

CHALMERS.

“Up, up, my soul! the long spent time redeeming:
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming.
The time — the time is short.”

Truth lies in character. Christ did not simply speak truth, He was truth — through and through ; for truth is not a thing of words only, but of life and being.

ROBERTSON.

“Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach ;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another’s soul would reach ;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world’s famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble Creed.”

BONAR.

Do not despise your situation ; in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the infinite.

HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

WORDSWORTH.

Obedience is the road to all things. It is the only way to grow able to trust God. Love and faith and obedience are sides of the same prism.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on Him sole depend.

MILTON.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character.

GOETHE.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us ;
Waiting the hour, when at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

BISHOP DOANE.

He surely never prays at all who does not end the day — as all men wish to end their lives — in prayer.

SPURGEON.

They pray the best who pray and watch,
They watch the best who watch and pray,
They hear God's fingers on the latch,
Whether He come by night or day.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

The dull weather, they say, is the best weather for battle; and sorrow is the best time for seeing through and conquering one's own self. . . . Do not be afraid, I say, of sorrow. All the clouds in the sky cannot move the sun a foot further off; and all the sorrow in the world cannot move God any further off.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

JEAN INGELOW.

Ofttimes, methinks, the shaded eye
Most fathoms Thine infinity.

PAUL PASTNOR.

“God’s image slumbers within our souls till sharpened grief cuts here and there, when, lo! the semblance of His form appears sculptured by the woes of time.”

“Be patient, suffering soul!—I hear thy cry.
The trial fire may glow, but I am nigh.
I see the silver, and I will refine
Until my image shall upon it shine.”

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto Him; He being the beginning and end of all things.

SOCRATES.

For him who aspires, and for him who loves, life may lead through the thorns, but it never stops in the desert.

Life’s shadows fluctuate; God’s love does not,
And His love is unchanged, when it changes our lot,
Looking up to this light, which is common to all,
And down to these shadows on each side that fall,
In Time’s silent circle, so various for each,
Is it nothing to know that they never can reach
So far, but that light lies beyond them forever?

OWEN MEREDITH.

“There are questions that nothing can answer but God’s love.”

The world may misunderstand God’s rebukes, or put an unkind construction upon them : His children cannot, for they know that “God is love.”

BONAR.

“I cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.”

Human life is a constant want, and ought to be a constant prayer.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

“Live not without a God. However low or high,
In every house should be a window to the sky.”

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

TENNYSON.

"It is not in our power to fly to some far and still retreat in whose quiet we may escape the evils and troubles of life. The place will never be found in this world where care and evil shall be unknown by human beings. But the Saviour gives peace of heart and mind amid daily duties. It is that 'central peace' which may subsist at the heart of endless agitation."

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin!
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within!

Peace, perfect peace, our future here unknown!
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

It is enough; earth's struggle soon will cease,
And Jesus call to Heaven's perfect peace.

BICKERSTETH.

Instruction — wise, patient, careful instruction — is most important for the growth of the young soul in the way of eternal life; but constant effort on his own part to make known the love of Jesus is no less important.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient; then the restful night!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

“Oh for a faith that deems nothing too great for God’s control, nothing too small for His notice.”

Faith, though weak, is still faith, a glimmering taper if not a torch; but the taper may give light as true as the torch, though not so brightly.

H. MULLER.

It is true faith
To simply trust His loving will,
Whiche’er He saith —
“Thy lot be glad ” or “ill.”

REV. J. W. WHITE.

Patience! why, it is the ground of peace; of all the virtues, it is nearest kin to heaven; it makes men look like God. The best of men that ever wore earth about Him was a sufferer, — a soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.

DECKER.

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in still-
ness,

Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father’s sight.

H. W. B.

What to others are disappointments are to believers intimations of the way and will of God.

JOHN NEWTON.

We cannot see before us, but our all-seeing Friend
Is always watching o'er us, and knows the very end ;
And when amid our blindness His disappointments
fall,
We trust His loving-kindness whose wisdom sends
them all.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

It is no great matter to live lovingly with humble and meek persons ; but he that can do so with the froward, with the peevish and perverse, he only hath true charity. Always remember that our solid, true peace, consists rather in complying with others than in being complied with ; in suffering and forbearing, rather than in contention and victory.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

A soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Do thy duty and be at peace with God and thine own conscience. There can be no true peace for thee apart from the honest and daily discharge of those obligations, great and small, which come into thy life from the Creator, and which, rightly viewed, are angels of Divine discipline. Thou hast too much to say about thy rights and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right; and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.

FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

What shall I do to gain eternal life ?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead. SCHILLER.

“There are sweet surprises awaiting many an humble soul fighting against great odds in the battle of a seemingly commonplace life.”

We little dream of the conflict
Fought in each human soul,
And earth knows not of her heroes
Upon God's Honor Roll.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Hold fast to the present. Every position, every moment of life, is of unspeakable value as the representative of a whole eternity.

GOETHE.

So, here hath been dawning another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away ?
Out of eternity this new day is born ;
Into eternity at night will return.

CARLYLE.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought ;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.

The time is short.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

There are buds that fold within them,
Closed and covered from our sight,
Many a richly tinted petal,
Never looked on by the light :
Fain to see their shrouded faces,
Sun and dew are long at strife,
Till at length the sweet buds open —
Such a bud is life.

JEAN INGELOW.

The glory of manhood is never seen in this world.
. . . Men do not blossom on the earth in their
higher attributes . . . You injure a man here
because he is of little value to society, and he passes
from your sight, and you think no more of him ; but
when you see him again, he may be a prince before
God.

BEECHER.

So, methinks, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

To character and success, two things, contradictory
as they may seem, must go together — humble de-
pendence and manly independence — humble depend-
ence on God, and manly reliance on self.

WORDSWORTH.

“Live for something ! Have a purpose !
And that purpose keep in view ;
Drifting like a helmless vessel
Thou canst ne’er to self be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life’s ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.”

Life is very short, and the single brain and hand, at best, very weak ; there are thousands of things to know and to do. One must choose and be content with his choice.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.

There are people who would do great acts ; but, because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

“Noble deeds are held in honor,
But the wide world sadly needs
Hearts of patience to unravel this —
The worth of common deeds.”

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand ; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

GEORGE ELIOT.

To-day
Slips quickly by — to-morrow's but a link,
And while we idly dally, dream, or think,
Our golden opportunity goes by.

MRS. E. V. HILL.

We cannot do God a greater wrong than to despair of forgiveness. It is a double injury to God, first, that we offend His justice by sinning; then, that we wrong his mercy by despairing.

BISHOP HALL.

No spirit is wholly cast off from God if it longs after God. If thou canst be content without God thou art indeed lost; but if there be in thee a wretched discontent at the very thought of being severed from thy God, then thou art His and He is thine, and no division shall come between thee and Him.

SPURGEON.

“And Thy guiding hand still held me,
Though my feet would turn and slide,
Held me while I wandered blindly,
That I might not turn aside.
Now I know Thou hast been with me,
And Thy face again I see,
And I feel Thy hands upholding,
Helping and directing me.”

“There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable purpose. It dignifies the nature, and insures success.”

The answer to prayer is slow. . . . Not till life
is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength
it has brought understood.

STOFFORD BROOKE.

If long in heaven His love delays,
Hiding from man its wondrous ways,
Well I know it will come at last,
When the little round of life is past.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Habitual sufferers are precisely those who least
frequently doubt the Divine benevolence, and whose
faith and love rise to the serenest cheerfulness.

MARTINEAU.

Some murmur if their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue ;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one ray of light,
One gleam of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

TRENCH.

"As unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, gladden us, so kind words, gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home."

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They make him ashamed of his unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they should be used.

PASCAL.

"Scatter kind words all around you,
Perchance when your mission is o'er —
The seed you have dropped by the wayside,
May bloom on eternity's shore."

If thou desirest a noble and holy life, and unceasingly prayest to God for it, . . . it will be granted unto thee without fail, . . . of this be assured.

SAINT BERNARD.

We are much bound to them that do succeed;
But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed,
And life — itself a failure.

JEAN INGELOW.

One of the great obstacles in the way of God's work to-day is the want of love among those who are the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. If we love a person, we will not be pointing out his failings all the time. . . . To address men well, they must be loved much. Whatever they may be, be they ever so guilty, or indifferent, or ungrateful, or however deeply sunk in crime, before all, and above all, they must be loved. . . . Nothing but love can find out the mysterious avenues which lead to the heart. If, then, you do not feel a fervent love and profound pity for humanity, . . . you will not win souls, neither will you acquire that most excellent of earthly sovereignties — sovereignty over human hearts.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Learn that to love is the one way to know,
Or God or man : it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him ; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.

JEAN INGELow.

Love God, and love thy neighbor, watch and pray ;
These are the words and works of life ; this do,
And live ; who doth not thus hath lost heaven's way.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

“There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality of man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture on parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. Be cheerful, always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift, in the presence of a determined cheerfulness.”

I must live higher, nearer to the reach
Of angels in their blessed trustfulness,
Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach
Content and cheer to those whom I would greatly bless.

All The Year Round.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the
seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HERMANS.

Very few have a Christ that is with them at midnight and at noonday, at morning and at evening ; in temptation, in sin, in repentance ; that is never far off ; that is a present help in time of trouble ; that is breathing the effulgence of the Divine nature upon them, to rescue them, to cleanse them, to pardon them, and to carry them in the bosom of His providence, from strength to strength, until they shall stand in Zion before God.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[From Morning and Evening Exercises.]

As longs the star for night,
The flower for sun ;
So longs my soul for Thee,
O Holy One.

FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

“It is sad to think how few our pleasures really are ; and for the which we risk eternal good.”

O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,
Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end.

LONGFELLOW.

Our blessed Jesus walks among the roses and lilies in the garden of His church, and when He sees a wintry storm coming upon some tender plants of righteousness, He hides them, to preserve life in them, that they may bloom with new glories. . . . The blessed God acts like a tender Father and consults the safety and honor of His children.

ISAAC WATTS.

“The Lord knoweth when the rough wind bloweth
Upon the weary and the laden one;
With tender feeling for the suppliant kneeling,
He shields and strengthens till the storm is done.”

We must learn that our best and most steadfast friends are invisible, namely, the dear angels, who in faithfulness and love, moreover in all helpfulness and true friendship, far surpass all the friends we have whom we can see. Thus in many ways we enjoy the fellowship of the heavenly spirits.

LUTHER.

Are the angels never impatient
That we are so weak and slow,
So dull to their guiding touches,
So deaf to their whispers low?

SUSAN COULDER.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to
Heaven, bearing our prayers to the throne of grace.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Do the clouds around thee gather,
Making dark thy solitude ?
Each one hath an inward shining,
Each one hath a silver lining,
Hope for good !

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth
accomplishes no victories without it.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose ; in
other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to
labor.

BULWER-LYTTON.

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing ; will alone is great ;
All things give way before it soon or late. . .
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves. . .
The fortunate is he whose purpose never swerves.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To condemn or acquit is easy, but to disentangle the threads of beauty and truth from their enveloping error requires a higher skill and has a more lasting reward.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

“Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God’s will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the slender, delicate threads
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.”

“The greatest of all mistakes is, to live for time,
when any moment may launch us into eternity.”

“’Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours ;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.”

He who is truly at peace never suspects others.
But he who is ill at ease and discontented is disturbed by various suspicions.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Search thine own heart; what paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek.

WHITTIER.

“Where thou art strong and stout thy friend to thee
will show;
Where thou art weak, alone is taught thee by thy
foe:
Though friend with flattery soothe or foe stab through
and through,
Praise cannot save the false nor malice kill the
true.”

Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish
that is not referred to His will; banish all eager de-
sires, all anxiety. Desire only the will of God; seek
Him alone, and you will find peace.

FÉNELON.

It is not on great occasions only that we are re-
quired to be faithful to the will of God; occasions
constantly occur, and we should be surprised to per-
ceive how much our spiritual advancement depends
on small obediences.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

“Never quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. . . . A hopeless person is deserted by himself, and he who forsakes himself is soon forsaken by friends and fortune.”

God doth not need
Either man's works or His own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best ; His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON.

As holiness is the soul's best evidence for heaven, so is it a continued spring of comfort on the way thither. The purest and the sweetest pleasures in this world are the result of holiness.

“God looks not on the faces, but into the souls of men, and for His servants chooses the ‘pure in heart.’”

The heavens are better than this earth below,
They are of more account and far more dear.
We will look up, for all most sweet and fair,
Most pure, most excellent, is garnered there.

JEAN INGELOW.

The longer I live, the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful I feel toward those who impress its importance on the community.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

O holiness, how surpassingly glorious art thou!

FLAVEL.

"The streams of religion run deeper or shallower as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected."

Sunday is the golden clasp
That binds together the volume of the week.

LONGFELLOW.

Better fail a thousand times, and fail in everything else, than to attempt to shape for yourself a life without God, without hope in Christ, and without an interest in Heaven.

SEISS.

And straight,
Beyond our mortal wont, I fixed mine eyes
Upon the sun. Much is allowed us there,
That here exceeds our power; thanks to the place
Made for the dwelling of the human kind.

DANTE.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible . . . must some day find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail.

HANNAH MORE.

“There are many who stop the voice of conscience, but they cannot blot the writing of it. It is one of the books that shall be opened in the day of judgment.”

“I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.”

Sin is never at a stay ; if we do not retreat from it we shall advance in it ; and the farther on we go the more we have to come back.

The Church Press.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

JOHN RUSKIN.

“Keep the spirit pure
From worldly taint by the repellent strength
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds
Ever. Count o’er the rosary of truth ;
And practice precepts which are proven wise.
It matters not then what thou fearest. Walk
Boldly and wisely in the light thou hast —
There is a Hand above will help thee on.”

All ye who want a grand field in which to work for the Master, . . . come into Christian circles, and somewhere, somehow declare the grace of God.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

“Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare ;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.”

“Let it be our duty to lend a hand in loyal service
for temperance, purity, chivalry and truth.”

New occasions teach new duties ;
Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“Does it not require as much courage to stand for
the right in an unpopular cause as to face the enemy
in the open battle-field ? ”

The Union Signal.

With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see
the right, . . . let us stand by our duty fearlessly
and effectively.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It takes a soul to move a body :
It takes a high-souled man to move the masses :
.
Life develops from within.

ELIZABETH BARRETT "Q"

"Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of life!" Speak not till thy thought have silently matured itself. . . . Speech is human, Silence is divine. . . . No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all Eternity.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed which thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

JONES VERY.

"The greatest hero is perhaps the man who does his best, and signally fails, yet is not embittered by his failure. A life here in which you fail of every end you seek, yet which disciplines you for a better life, is assuredly not a failure."

And thus by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
God brings us compensating good.
For Faith is perfected by fears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And Love looks into Heaven through tears.

PHOEBE CARY.

“If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God’s presence and God’s promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.”

“Is it raining, little flower? Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee. ’Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, ’tis true,
But just behind it shines the blue.
Art thou weary, tender heart? Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow. As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.”

Oh! banish the tears of children! continual rains
upon the blossoms are hurtful.

RICHTER.

Sweet buds in rocky clefts so wild,
Your forms so late with beauty rife,
No sunbeams kiss you into life,
The storm has crushed you in its strife,
E’en as an unloved child.

E. S. HUNT.

No man or woman of the humblest class can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

All can aid the work. The little child
 May gather up some weed,
 Or drop some fertile seed,
 Or strew with flowers the path which else were dark
 and wild.

JOSEPH E. CLINCH.

The children and youth must breathe for themselves the pure air of religious truth, they must eat for themselves of the Living Bread, . . . they must exercise themselves frequently and constantly in the performance of every religious duty which is appropriate to their years and attainments. Thus only will they become "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

And, as the path of duty is made plain,
 May grace be given that I may walk therein,

 Doing God's will as if it were mine own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone.

WHITTIER.

Regard no vice so small that thou mayest brook it,
no virtue so small that thou mayest overlook it.

Oriental.

Pure thought begets right action ; when there lies
Hidden within the chambers of the mind
One grain of foul impurity, we find
Instead of beauty, ashes in our train,
And piercing thorns to fill some life with pain.

W. N. BURR.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow's arch Thy mercy's sign :
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A good conscience is the palace of Christ, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the paradise of delight, and the standing Sabbath of the saints.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience.

SHAKESPEARE.

Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

“Happiness, the choice of all, can be directly gained by none. It is the gift of God to him, who, in the spirit of Christ, toils for the good of others.”

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

TENNYSON.

The faith that does not throw a warmth as of summer around the sympathies and charities of the heart, drop invigorations like showers upon the conscience and the will, is as false as it is unsatisfying.

PAUL POTTER.

“Sunbeam of summer, O what is like thee?
Pride of the wilderness, joy of the sea;
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
Faith tinging all things with hues of heaven.”

It is a pleasant thing to behold the sun : very glorious is he as he cometh out of his chamber, and bathes earth and Heaven in his light; but upon the soul that knows God and rests in Him, there shines a beauty that is above the brightness of the sun.

DR. MARK HOPKINS.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God.

JOHANN GEORG JACOBI.

Out of our weakness will come forth divine strength; out of our seeming failures grand successes; out of our humiliations and afflictions, exaltation and eternal glory.

The Church Press.

Spirit of gentleness,
Still would thy blameless soul in pity bleed
For those who wound thee! Peace be with thy steps,
And earthly wrongs but wings that bear to Heaven.
He who bid thee sojourn here, hath haply sent
To show a while, in live reality,
The loveliness of natures trained for Heaven,
And fit thee by thine earthly pilgrimage
For thine enduring home.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

Therefore let your grief be such that your consolations shall be more; your loved ones are not lost, but sent before you, that they may be kept forever blessed.

LUTHER.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live, whom we call dead.

LONGFELLOW.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind him. The angel who bends over the dying man asks, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Koran.

The light of eternity flashed in my face,
As a loved one entered the gate;
I saw the work that remained for me
As in the vineyard I wait.
The hearts to gladden, the souls to win,
That stumble along the way;
The eyes, now heavy with tears of sin,
To cheer with tidings of day.

The Christian at Work.

“Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.”

The angels love to do their work betimes. Stanch some wounds here, nor leave so much to God.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“The spirit of ministry and song
Hath in it something so divinely sweet
As to assuage all wrong.”

“There is no question but habitual cheerfulness is a great blessing. . . . But let us not forget that there are very sweet flowers which flourish and give out perfume only in the shade.”

There are songs that only flow in the loneliest shades
of night,
There are flowers which cannot grow in a blaze of
tropical light,
There are crystals which cannot form till the vessel
be cooled and stilled;
Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath willed.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Let us make the best we can of this life, that we may become able to make the best of the next also."

"Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

"There is many a crisis in life when we need a faith like the martyr's to support us. . . . Oh, then must our cry, like that of Jesus, go up to the pitying heavens for help, and nothing but the infinite and immortal can help us."

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.—*Isaiah* lix. 19.

"He chose this path for thee.
No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless fate,
But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here;
He knew the way was rough and desolate;
Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear,
Yet tenderly He whispered, Child, I see
This path is best for thee."

There is nothing — no, nothing — innocent or good that dies and is forgotten; let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part through them in redeeming actions of the world.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thus learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro did sway upon the wall:
Our shadow-selves, our influence, may fall
Where we can never be.

ANNA E. HAMILTON.

In this world, it frequently happens, that when man has reached the place of anguish, God folds away the mist from before his eyes, and the very spot he selected as the receptacle of his tears, becomes the place of his highest rapture.

J. T. HEADLEY.

Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their Heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
Disjoin their wedded hands.

MADAME GUYON.

The sin to which the Holy Ghost testifies is all our own; it is the unbelief which refuses grace and rejects a Saviour.

REV. H. SINCLAIR PATTERSON.

“The guilt that scorns to be forgiven
May baffle e’en the love of Heaven.”

If only a little way ahead
Shines the print of the Master’s feet,
There is glory o’er all the path I tread,
And the following wondrous sweet.

MRS. L. F. BAKER.

He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail. — 1 *Samuel* ii. 9.

One sin is enough to exclude us from heaven, but one drop of Christ’s blood is sufficient to cover all our sins.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

“But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
through
Ere He found His sheep that were lost.”

The whole history of the Christian life is a series of resurrections. Every time a man bethinks himself that he is not walking in the light, that he has been forgetting himself and must repent; that he has been asleep and must awake; . . . every time this takes place there is a resurrection in the world. Yes, every time that a man finds his heart is troubled, that he is not rejoicing in God, a resurrection must follow; a resurrection out of the night of troubled thoughts into the gladness of the truth.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Come, earth-bound spirit, leave the depths of sin and
doubt and care;
The Saviour calls thee to arise, and pure, white garments wear;
From Him have come the mercy-drops and sunshine
of thy past,
From Him the winning whisperings of peace and
heaven at last.
Fear not to lift to Him thy prayer; strive nobly to
be free!
The nearer thou dost come to Him, the more He'll
strengthen thee;
A welcome give Him, and His love will circle thee
around,
And raise thee up to life and light, with heavenly
beauty crowned.

JEANIE A. B. GREENO'

Every hour is to be an hour of duty; every look and smile, every reproof and care, an effusion of Christian love.

BUSHNELL.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

BONAR.

Many a seed of sacrifice bears its hundredfold in this life; and those which cannot, sown in Christ's grave, shall when we are glorified with Him receive a life everlasting.

Between The Lights.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood,
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin, —
These are not lost.

RICHARD METCALF.

Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

“No good that the humblest of us has wrought dies. If you have served God in serving another, God remembers it, although he does not. There is one long unerring memory in the universe out of which nothing ever fades.”

Nothing is lost—the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on — but perish not.
So with our deeds; for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.

The Church Press.

In all God's diadem
No star shines brighter than the kingly man
Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;
And the white banner of his manhood bears
Through all the years uplifted to the skies.

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Good, strong, voluntary inspiration of religious truth in childhood will, we believe, prevent many of the sad wrecks of religious faith in manhood.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

“If I lowly fall,
And thus in faith I call,
‘Through Christ, O Lord, I pray Thee give to me
Not what I would, but what seems best to Thee,
Of life, of health, of service, and of strength,
Until to Thy full joy I come at length,’
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing shall not fail.”

C. F. RICHARDSON.

That a man may lift up his head to heaven, he must find nothing on earth whereon to lean it.

LUTHER.

God doth suffice! Oh thou, the patient one,
Who putttest faith in Him, and none beside,
Bear yet thy load; under the setting sun
The glad tents gleam; thou wilt be satisfied.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

"Men weave in their own lives the garments which they must wear in the world to come."

So, at the loom of life, we weave
Our separate threads, that varying fall,
Some stained, some fair; and, passing, leave
To God the gathering up of all.

LUCY LARCOM.

"When you make a mistake don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power."

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive. Anxiety is the reverse of peace. . . . It broods over possible evil; . . . it spoils the present by loading it with the ills of to-morrow. Character cannot grow in such an atmosphere. It requires a still air.

T. T. MUNGER.

Oh for the peace which floweth as a river !
Making life's desert places bloom and smile ;
Oh for a faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

BONAR.

Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and of God's goodness.

HUGH MILLER.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Wherefore doth the Lord make your cup to run over, but that other men's lips might taste its sweetness? The showers that fall upon the highest mountains should glide into the lowest valleys.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

Their source is on the mountains,
The streams of which we drink;
But we must tread the valleys,
If we would reach their brink.
Their source is on the mountains,
Higher than feet can go;
Yet human lips but touch them,
In the valleys, still and low.

MRS. CHARLES.

"Life's evening will take its character from the day which has preceded it; and if we would close our career in religious hope, we must prepare for it by continuous religious habit."

Thou shalt always have joy in the evening if thou hast spent the day well.

THOMAS Á KEMPIS.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

S. DOUDNEY.

“Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day. . . . Speak kindly at night; perchance before dawn some loved one may finish his space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness for unkind words.”

How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night !
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.
We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest ;
But oft for “our own” the bitter tone,
Though we love “our own” the best ;
Ah, lips with the curve impatient !
Ah, brow with that look of scorn !
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth of philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

LORD BACON.

“There is no unbelief;
And day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.”

“As the shadow follows the body in the splendor
of the fairest sunlight, so will wrong done to another
pursue the soul in the hours of prosperity.”

O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense.

HANNAH MORE.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart.

THOMAS HOOD.

And man, whose heaven-erected face the smiles of
Love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands
mourn !

ROBERT BURNS.

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments,
but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be
ours to be subtle, and learned, and logical, but it may
be ours to be noble, and sweet, and pure.

CANON FARRAR.

From henceforth thou shalt learn that there is love
To long for, pureness to desire, a mount
Of consecration it were good to scale.

JEAN INGELOW.

“Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.”

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too,—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue:
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met,
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
And learn to forgive and forget.

TUPPER.

Those glorify God most who look with keen eye
and loving heart on His works, who catch in all some
glimpses of beauty and power, . . . and who can
so interpret the world that it becomes a bright
witness to divinity.

CHANNING.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lessons of Thine own eternity.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

There are sins secret as the grave, which crush,
blight, ruin the divine image in man, and tens of
thousands never hear a warning word against them.
. . . Many a noble young life, full of promise, has
been utterly wrecked by a secret sin ; lightly treated,
little feared, it has drained the life-blood from the
soul.

CANON WILBERFORCE.

O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us !

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



Whatever is done by those around you, be yourself
fully determined to walk in the most excellent way.

WESLEY.

We must go only where our Saviour leads us. We
are sure to stumble if we leave His side.

NEWMAN HALL.

Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it ; Father ! Thou must lead.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To those who have gone wrong, and who would retrace their steps, I would say, your hope is in God more than in men. . . . There is one Heart that is filled with generous kindness toward every man who wants to repent. The voice of God is calling you. The sound of your Father's voice is in your heart. Those very yearnings that you have, are inspired of God, and they are meant to bring you out of your transgression. Heed them; understand whence they come; trust them, and trust God. . . . Remember that He is on your side, . . . and does not desire that any man should die, but rather that all should turn and live.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[From Morning and Evening Exercises.]

"I believe in Love renewing
 All that sin hath swept away,
 Leaven-like its work pursuing
 Night by night, and day by day.

 In its patience, its endurance
 To forbear and to retrieve,
 In the large and full assurance
 Of its triumph — I believe."

The Churchman.

No one lives the best life of which he is capable who does not daily spend some time alone in prayer.

. . . Those who go from the closet into life take with them the fragrance of heaven's morning into the world's day. Who knows how many are inspired to better things by one day of such a life?

The Congregationalist.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

REV. JOHN H. NEWMAN.

“Waiting hours are seed-times of blessing.”

The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

“Youth and love are oft impatient,

Seeking things beyond their reach ;

And the heart grows sick with hoping

Ere it learns what life can teach.

For, before the fruit be gathered

We must see the blossoms fall,

And the waiting time, my brothers,

Is the hardest time of all.”

If we were all one here upon earth there would be great peace ; but God makes it otherwise, and suffers this world to be so strangely entangled and confused, that we may long and sigh for the future Fatherland, and be weary of this toilsome life.

LUTHER.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done ;
Two pale feet crossed in rest —
The race is won ; —

.

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot
God in his kindness answereth not.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

—

How true it is that if we say a true word, instantly we feel it is God's, not ours, and pass it on.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“Only one little word ;
But it stirred the depths of a living heart
And there through the years and the changes of life,
With its blessing and glory, its darkness and strife,
The soul of that little word shall abide
And nevermore depart.”

The sad, discouraged Christian, who feels his shortcomings and the degeneracy of the times in which he lives so overwhelmingly as to take away his peace and joy, needs to get out into God's pure air upon some errand of mercy.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Arouse thee, soul !
And let the body do
Some worthy deed for human happiness,
To join, when life is through,
Unto thy name, that angels both may bless !
Arouse thee, soul !

Arouse thee, soul !
Leave nothings of the earth ;
And, if the body be not strong to dare,
To blessed thoughts give birth
High as yon heaven, pure as heaven's air ;
Arouse thee, soul !

ROBERT NICOLL.

"He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unravelled."

"Never delay
To do the duty which the moment brings,
Whether it be in great or smaller things ;
For who doth know
What he shall do upon the coming day ? "

Opportunities for Christian work are constantly slipping by. We recognize them too late. . . . Opportunities for patience, forbearance, meekness, self-denial, courage. Opportunities for honoring God — for bringing friends to Christ. These are continually coming and going — coming? Yes — but also going as surely and rapidly as minutes go. How full of good work our life would be if we lost no opportunity.

REV. EVARTS SCUDDER.

Up, to thy Master's work! for thou art called
To do His bidding till the hand of death
Strike off thine armor. Noble field is thine —
The soul thy province, that mysterious thing
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense.
Oh, live the life of prayer,
The life of tireless labor for His sake!
So may the Angel of the Covenant bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow forever in thy Master's crown."

God's fullness is as much at your disposal as if in your own hands; He keeps it in Himself that every blessing may be received richly doubled.

LADY POWERSCOURT.

The fullness of His blessing encompasseth our way ;
The fullness of His promises crowns every brighten-
ing day ;
The fullness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fullness of His
love.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The more the soul looks upon Christ, the more it
loves ; and still the more it loves, the more it delights
to look upon Him.

LEIGHTON.

My God, I love Thee ; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

.
Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord !

FRANCIS XAVIER.

“No man is ever off duty. In all places and at all
times he is to be armed, watchful, ready for his work.”

What shall I do to be forever known ?

Thy duty ever.

This did full many who now sleep unknown.

Oh ! Never, never !

Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown

Whom thou knowest not ?

By angels' trumps in heaven their praise is blown,

Divine their lot.

SCHILLER.

Our rest should be like our Sabbath,—a beginning of the days. . . . When Christ rose from the dead, the first day of the week became the hallowed one, consecrated to life, and rest and joy. And from that living, joyful rest in Him, the whole being energized and fitted for its task, the soul can go on serving Him to the end.

SARAH F. SMILEY.

Rest is not quitting the busy career ;

Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion, clear, without strife,

Fleeting to ocean, after this life.

'Tis loving and serving the highest and best ;

'Tis onward, unswerving, and this is true rest.

GOETHE.

Let us serve God in the sunshine, while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark when He sends the darkness. The darkness is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

I do not ask, O Lord ! that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of Peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but Peace Divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord ! till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write —
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow —
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven —
The claims disport, the tempest's mirth —
Know this : God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one ;
But man, as man, thy brother call ;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul —
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else were blind.

SCHILLER.

COME NEARER JESUS.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea,
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

.

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FABER.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made

The earth so bright ;

So full of splendor and of joy,

Beauty and light ;

So many glorious things are here,

Noble and right !

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made

Joy to abound ;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds

Circling us round,

That in the darkest spot of earth

Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy

Is touched with pain ;

That shadows fall on brightest hours ;

That thorns remain ;

So that earth's bliss may be our guide,

And not our chain.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,

Though amply blest,

Can never find, although they seek,

A perfect rest ;

Nor ever shall, until they lean

On Jesus' breast.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

SERVICE.

Something, my God, for Thee,
 Something for Thee;
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering;
In Thy dear name some kindness done,
To Thy dear love some wanderer won;
 Some trial meekly borne for Thee,
 Dear Lord, for Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee,
 Something for Thee;
That to Thy gracious throne may rise
Sweet incense from some sacrifice, —
Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears,
Uplifted faith unstained by fears,
 Hailing each joy as light from Thee,
 Dear Lord, from Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee,
 Something for Thee;
For the great love that Thou hast given,
For the great hope of Thee and heaven,
My soul her first allegiance brings,
And upward plumes her heavenward wings,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Between The Lights.

P R A Y E R.

To prayer, to prayer ; for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes :
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer — for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer — for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest :
It speaks of Creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join the holy band at length.

To Him, who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise ;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven.

HENRY WARE, JR.

KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

And He hath said, "How beautiful the feet!"
The "feet" so weary, travel-stained, and worn —
The "feet" that humbly, patiently have borne
The toilsome way, the pressure, and the heat.

The "feet" not hasting on with winged might,
Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe ;
So lowly, and so human, they must go
By painful steps to scale the mountain height.

Not unto all the tuneful lips are given,
The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet ;
Yet all may turn, with humble, willing "feet"
And bear to darkened souls the light from heaven.

And fall they while the goal far distant lies,
With scarce a word yet spoken for their Lord —
His sweet approval he doth yet accord ;
Their feet are beauteous in their Master's eyes.

With weary human "feet" He, day by day,
Once trod this earth to work His acts of love;
And every step is chronicled above
His servants take to follow in His way.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"NONE OTHER NAME."

O, tender, loving heart,
Whereon are written dear and precious names,
Sweet ties which earthly friendship fondly claims, —
These all may have their part;
But thou must write above all others there,
Jesus — "none other name" so wondrous fair!

Thou weary, longing heart!
Yearning for friends to cheer thee here below,
Mourning for joys thou ne'er again shalt know,
That name bids fear depart:
Thou wilt not find thy comfort, seeking here;
"None other name" can hush each trembling fear.

Thou joyous, merry heart!
Earth's sweetness will not always last for thee;
Dark clouds will come and bid the sunshine flee,

All earthly joys depart.
And thou must look beyond to higher things ;
"None other name" true joy and gladness brings.

O, burdened, sinful heart !
Heavy with woe, bowed down with guilt and fear,
Salvation waits for thee, but only here !
From all else thou now must part,
And come the promised blessing here to claim,
To Jesus — there is "none other name !"

O, world of needy hearts !
Why will ye ever seek where naught is found ?
Why grieve and yearn when such sweet things
abound ?

This name all grace imparts ;
All love, all joy, all mercy soundeth here —
"None other name" so great, so rich, so dear !

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you —
A hope for me and a hope for you.

.

All the past things are past and over,
 The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
 Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
 Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which
 never
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
 Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
 Cannot undo and cannot atone;
 God in His mercy receive and forgive them!
 Only the new days are our own,
 To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

.
 Every day is a fresh beginning —
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain —
 And, in spite of old sorrows, and older sinning,
 And troubles forecasted and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

DUTY.

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And, therefore, see no higher ; but, if done,
My view is brightened and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite —
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is, the purest most deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
Of Duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appall ?
No ; Duty is our ladder to the skies,
And, climbing not, we fall.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
 I thread my days;
 I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways;
 I know each day will bring its task,
 And, being blind, no more I ask.

 But listen, listen day by day
 To hear their tread,
 Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
 And bring God's message in the sun,
 "Thou poor blind sinner, work is done."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

RECONCILED.

.
 Not that my Father gives to me
 More blessings than in days gone by;
 Dropping in my uplifted hands
 All things for which I blindly cry:

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim ;
And where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say, —
The prayers I thought unanswered once,
Were answered in God's own best way.

PHOEBE CARY.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Thou art come, thy green robe thrown around thee,
A bright and a spirit-like thing !
And the sunbeams of Heaven have crowned thee,
O, welcome, thrice welcome, fair Spring !
.

Thou recallest creation's bright morning,
When angels beheld the fair earth
As she shone, in her primal adorning,
And shouted for joy at her birth.
.

Thou comest in freshness and sweetness,
An earnest of Heaven, below ;
And thy message, in all its completeness,
Has solace for every woe.

Bright hope, to the mourner, thou bringest,
 In Nature's new beauty and bloom ;
 And to all, who will listen, thou singest
 Of victory over the tomb.

There's a promise from God in the bowers,
 That bend, at the tread of thy feet ;
 He will all things renew like the flowers,
 But fadeless, in bloom, ever sweet.

.

And this is thy message to mortals,
 In life that is bursting the sod :
 The redeemed, through the grave's open portals,
 Shall rise in the likeness of God.

M. A. Z., in *The Churchman*.

—

EASTER DAWN.

Ah ! the night of sorrow lingers,
 And the skies are dark above,
 For our sins have pierced and slain Him —
 Slain the Prince of Life and Love !
 Yet our hearts they sorely need Him,
 And we cry at break of day,
 " Who shall give us back our Saviour,
 Who shall roll the stone away ? "

We are they who wait for morning,
For our sins have made it night,
And the tomb of our transgressions
Hides the Saviour from our sight.
But our hearts, they yearn for pardon,
As we cry at break of day,
"Who shall give us back our Jesus,
Who shall roll the stone away?"

.

Ah! the night of sorrow passes
And the darkness of our sin;
Thro' the portal of His prison
Faith and Hope are peering in;
And our hearts are thrilled with gladness,
As we kneel at break of day —
In the night of our despairing
Lo! the stone was rolled away!

And a voice — we surely know it,
For its sweetness is the same
As when first we heard its pleading —
Calls the mourners, each by name:
"Seek me not where sin had laid me,
I arose at break of day;
For your God has sent His angels,
They have rolled the stone away!"

Now the shade of sorrow passes
And the mists of doubting flee;
Faith and Hope they whisper boldly,
"Jesus died and rose for me!"
'Tis Thy tender voice, Rabboni!
Which we hear, at break of day,
Calling, "Peace, my peace I give you —
God hath rolled the stone away!"
REV. BEVERLY D. TUCKER.

NATURE'S EASTER.

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Master rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Vales and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.
You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the gifts of God implanted —
Use the reason not your own.

Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring —
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds that build and sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant
Away in the sunny clime ?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time ;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers ;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

.
Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake ?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake ;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then, in the soft, still even,

'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven !
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies ;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales ; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all ?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall ?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes ?
O prince of the noble ! O sufferer divine !
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine !

Have you heard this tale — the best of them all,
The tale of the Holy and True ?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew,
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the sky above ;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain, '
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain !

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you, the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall, —
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear;
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain !

SO WING.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through heat of summer,
Weary not through cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.
.
Sow; for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day

ADELAID

ECHO.

I stood beside a mountain lake
And sought an echo to awake ;
I breathed a song of hope and love,
When, like a spirit, from above
The echo caught my words and tone ;
Mingling my music with its own ;
Sending, more sweetly, tenderly,
My own words back again to me.
So would I seek my words to make
True, like the echo from the lake ;
So would I only that repeat
Which shall return an answer sweet.

CHARITY.

“ Now abideth these three : Faith, Hope, Charity ; but the greatest of these
is Charity.”

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way :
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow —
Leaving on our lives a stain ?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held but gentle blessing there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Flitting o'er the dewy grass,
If we knew that birds of Eden
Were in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would we drive it with our coldness
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing:
Joy hath many a break of woe:
But the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest,
And kept in life are flowers by snow.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives:
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light above,
We may say, "Dear Father, love us,
E'en as we have shown our love."

OUR MASTER.

Immortal Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name
 All other names above ;
 Love only knoweth whence it came,
 And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
 The mists of earth away !
 Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
 How wide and far we stray !

.

O Lord and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

.

Yet weak and blinded though we be,
 Thou dost our service own ;
 We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
 And Thou rejectest none.

.
We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.
.

WHITTIER.

AFTER THE STORM.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the snow-wind and the sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God !
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed ;
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought !
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourned —
Love's hidden intent.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

EVENING PRAYER.

Take unto Thyself, O Father !
This folded day of Thine,
This weary day of mine ;
Its ragged corners cut me yet,
Oh, still the jar and fret !
Father, do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of Thine.

Breathe Thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of Thine,
This wandering day of mine ;
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot,
Reproachful eyes ! remember not
That I have grieved Thee,
On this day of Thine.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

TRUST.

I cannot know if good or ill
My future lot enfold ;
But, Lord, I rest in peace, because
Thou dost that future hold.

And though at times my spirit fails,
And weary seems the day,
I clasp Thy hand and follow on
Through all the lonely way.

I care not if the road be rough,
Or filled with flowery ease ;
The hardest road with Thee is smooth ;
Without Thee none can please.

I would not, Lord, apart from Thee,
Bright wealth or pleasure choose ;
And what I have, I pray Thee now,
For Thine own glory use.

Thus may I trust Thy holy Word,
And follow Thy sweet will ;
Assured that in the darkest night
Thou art beside me still.

FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

SHINING.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one ?
You have given your heart to Him ;
But is the light strong within it,
Or is it but pale and dim ?
Can everybody see it,—
That Jesus is all to you ?

That your love to Him is burning

With radiance warm and true?

Is the seal upon your forehead,

So that it must be known

That you are all for Jesus, —

That your heart is all His own?

.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,

So that the holy light

May enter the hearts of others,

And make them glad and bright?

Have you spoken a word for Jesus,

And told to some around,

Who do not care about Him,

What a Saviour you have found?

Have you lifted the lamp for others,

That has guided your own glad feet?

Have you echoed the loving message,

That seemed to you so sweet?

.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one, —

Shining just everywhere,

Not only in easy places,

Not only just here or there?

Shining in happy gatherings,

Where all are loved and known?

Shining where all are strangers ?
Shining when quite alone ?
Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around ?
Shining abroad, and faithful —
Perhaps among faithless — found ?

.
Are you shining for Jesus, dear one ?
Or is there a little sigh
That the lamp His love had lighted
Does not burn clear and high ?
Is the heavenly crown that waits you,
Still, still without a star,
Because your light was hidden,
And sent no rays afar ?
Do you feel you have not loved Him
With a love right brave and loyal,
But have faintly fought and followed
His banner bright and royal ?

Oh, come again to Jesus !
Come as you came at first,
And tell Him all that hinders,
And tell Him all the worst ;
And take His sweet forgiveness
As you took it once before,

And hear His kind voice saying,
 "Peace! go, and sin no more!"
 Then ask for grace and courage
 His name to glorify,
 That never more His precious light
 Your dimness may deny.

Then rise, and, "watching daily,"
 Ask Him your lamp to trim
 With the fresh oil He giveth,
 That it may not burn dim.
 Yes, rise and shine for Jesus!
 Be brave, and bright, and true
 To the true and loving Saviour,
 Who gave Himself for you.
 Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,
 And henceforth be your way
 Bright with the light that shineth
 Unto the perfect day!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

GOD'S REST.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee." — *St. Augustine.*

Made for Thyself, O God!
 Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight;
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace and might;

Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud;
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee !

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams;
Chasing illusions melting day by day ;
Till for ourselves we read on this world's best —
“ This is not rest.”

Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One who can guide our aching, wayward feet
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled.
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !
(Would it were shared by all the weary world !)
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet.
Then lean our love upon His boundless breast,
And know God's rest.

Sunday Magazine.

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be quick to do Thy will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

.
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere ;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But like flashes of the sun
They signal to the skies ;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears !
While the to-morrows stand and wait
Silent and veiled by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere.
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there.
For the common needs of the common day,
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

H. BURTON.

THE SECRET.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

Oh, rest of rests! Oh, peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest; and Thou changest never,
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth,
Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE MEETING WATERS.

“Close beside the meeting waters,
Long I stood, as in a dream,
Watching how the little river
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still, the mingled current
Glided to the waiting sea ;
On its breast serenely pictured
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, ‘O human spirit!
Strong and deep and pure and best,
Let the stream of my existence
Blend with thine, and find its rest!’

I could die as dies the river,
In that current deep and wide :
I could live as live its waters,
Flashing from a stronger tide.”

ELIZABETH WHITTIER.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful to and fro,

Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below, —
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow ;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God ! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed ;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost, —
Love divine ! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost, —
Cost of love, which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

SAXE HOLM.

THE QUIET HOUR.

A little rest in the twilight
After my work is done,
A little time with the Master
At setting of the sun.

The day has been one of trial,
Of failure oft and tears ;
But Jesus knows all my weakness,
He knows my doubts and fears.

.

The door of a place of refuge,
A place of quiet rest
Is near, and my soul is longing
To find that portal blest.

I come with my heavy burdens,
I come with all my sins,
I knock and the door swings open
And Jesus lets me in.

My sin departs, and my trouble
Is lost in a blissful calm,
This quiet hour with my Saviour
Has soothed my heart like balm.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it
 with another,
 And through all the years of famine it shall serve
 thee and thy brother.

.
 For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is
 living grain;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill
 with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag
 wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear
 both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou
 sleep amidst the snow?
 Chafe the frozen form beside thee, and together both
 shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded
 round thee moan;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm
 shall heal thine own.

.

Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined, its
strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will
grow.

MRS. CHARLES.

NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's heavy fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:
Never give up! or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges
Ever success, — if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up!

.

TUPPER.

JULY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

There is a sultry gloom on the mountain brow,
And a sultry glow beneath.
Oh, for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
Over the shadowless hill and lea,
Over the barren heath.

There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot ;
And though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over its glory, solemn and vast,
Veiling, but changing not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of love ;
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,
Let the brow grow cool and the footstep light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might,
Like the wing of a snowy dove.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
 And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard ;
 One glance most kind,
That felt like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day,
We've passed no heart by yea or nay ;
 If through it all
We've nothing done that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face ;
 No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count the day as worse than lost.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Speak the word God bids thee !
 No other word can reach
The chords that wait in silence
 The coming of Thy speech.

Do the work God bids thee !
One — only one still loom
Awaits thy touch and tending
In all this lower room.

Sing the song God bids thee !
The heart of earth's great throng
Needs for its perfect solace
The music of Thy song.

Sabbath Reading.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

(Six hundred years old.)

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong !
Let no evil word pass o'er it ;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes :
Prying is not wise ;
Let them look on what is right ;
From all evil turn their sight ;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil word come in
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard, while thou art young,
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be;
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

(An Incident of the Flower Mission.)

Faintly and sweetly the breath of the roses
Comes to me now from my home o'er the sea,
And my heart, like a feather, floats quickly to meet it,
Welcome, thrice welcome, dear flowers, to me.

For with thy presence, stealing so softly
Over my spirit, wearied and worn,
Comes there a peace that passeth all knowledge,
As when a sea-bird, storm-tossed and torn,

Enters the haven that God has provided ;
Or when a soul that is restless and ill
Feels in the whirl of life's turmoil and passion,
The calm that follows His "Peace, be still."

Beautiful flowers, your mission's accomplished,
Thanks for the lesson so tenderly taught ;
After your beauty has faded and vanished,
Shall memory cherish the comfort you've brought.

So, may I, too, into lives that are dreary
Bring of my fragrance that He hath given,
Shedding the light of my life upon others
Till it is lost in the brightness of Heaven.

F. E. BRONSON, *in The Union Signal.*

THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Scatter the germs of the beautiful !
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall ;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth,
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer's hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In the loveliest luster come.
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about the earth its germs
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God —
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flower'd the trampled sod;
When he built a temple for Himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In paradise shall bloom."

MY BIRDS.

I lean from the window at morning,
And hear in the street
The chirp of the tiny brown sparrows,
So cheery and sweet.

My birds! they flit gayly above me,
They twitter and call;
But the message they bring in the morning
Is sweetest of all.

For the sparrows chirp gaily, — “Be cheerful,”
Whatever befall;
“Be strong,” sing the swallows above me,
“God careth for all.”

“Be trustful;” O robin, low singing,
Your message is best;
Each day brings its work and its blessing;
Trust God for the rest.

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

“Not to myself alone,”
The little opening flower transported cries;
“Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;

The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill ;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,
"Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host ;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum —
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come ;
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil —
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings,
"Not to myself alone I raise the song ;

I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
 And sing and soar."

 " Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
 " Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
 I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
 My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In drougthy June."

Not to myself alone : —
O man ! forget not thou — earth's honored priest,
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart, —
 In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at Life's ungrudging feast,
Play not the miser, spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor ; live unto thy God ;
 Not to thyself alone !

ANON.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

“ Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

“ Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

“ Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

“ Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

“ Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

“ Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

“ Beautiful lives are those that bless —
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

“ Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

“ Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands — oh ! beautiful sleep.”

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers ;
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses
To make sweet the last sad hours ;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh ! fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look or praise ;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear ;
Oh ! fill young lives with sweetness.

.
Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away ;
And the love that grows in youthful hearts,
Oh ! cherish it while you may.
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

The Springfield Union.

KEEP THE HEART TENDER.

[By Mrs. Bishop Thomson.]

Keep the heart tender,
Kindly and true ;
Water it freely
With Love's gentle dew ;
Garner its harvests
Of rich burnished gold ;
Let in the sunshine,
And shut out the cold.

Keep the heart tender
With flowers of kind deeds,
And the sweets of their perfume
Will choke out the weeds ;

And the soft beams of Pity,
Of Mercy and Love,
Will yield it the glory
That beams from above.

Keep the heart tender
With sweet loving words,
And they'll fill it with music
Like the warble of birds
In the heart of the forest —
So joyful and clear,
When the birds are awaking
In the spring-time of year!

Keep the heart tender
With holy desires,
And they'll freshen its altars,
And quench the fierce fires
Of Hatred and Envy,
Of sins ever new.
Keep the heart tender,
Pure, kindly, and true.

The Zion's Watchman.

ONLY.

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said,
Only a word !
Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle and deep.
Only a look !
Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.

Only an act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done.
"Surely 'twas nought!"
(So the proud world thought)
But souls for Christ were won !

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given,
Yet seed was sown,
In that hour alone,
Which would bring forth fruit for heaven !

.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

FINDING LOST TREASURES.

Poor little wafer of silver !

More precious to me than its cost !
It was worn of both image and legend,
But priceless because it was lost.
My chamber I carefully swept ;
I hunted, and wondered, and wept ;
And I found it at last with a cry :
“ Oh dear little jewel ! ” said I ;
And I washed it with tears all the day ;
Then I kissed it, and put it away.

Poor little lamb of the sheepfold !

Unlovely and feeble it grew ;
But it wandered away to the mountains,
And was fairer the farther it flew.
I followed with hurrying feet
At the call of its pitiful bleat.
And precious, with wonderful charms,
I caught it at last in my arms,
And bore it far back to its keep,
And kissed it and put it to sleep.

Poor little vagrant from Heaven !

It wandered away from the fold,
And its weakness and danger endowed it
With value more precious than gold.

Oh happy the day when it came,
And my heart learned its beautiful name !
Oh happy the hour when I fed
This waif of the angels with bread !
And the lamb that the Shepherd had missed
Was sheltered and nourished and kissed.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

THE PEOPLE'S PRAYERS.

Up to the merciful Father
The prayers rise day and night,
Away through the mist and darkness,
Away on the wings of light ;
And none that was really earnest
Ever has lost its way,
And none that asked for a blessing
Ever was answered nay.

But why will the Father hearken ?
If we cast away our sin
And knock at the gate of mercy,
He graciously lets us in.
Ah ! why, but because He loves us
With measureless, mighty love ?
For as dear are His earth-bound children
As the safer ones above.

And so let none of the people
Ever neglect to pray,
For prayer can bring some sunshine
Into the darkest day ;
And patience and strength and courage,
And power to work or to bear,
And peace and wonderful gladness,
Are the answers unto prayer.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Golden head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying
“ Now I lay me down to sleep,”
’Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly
“ If I should die before I wake ” —
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly —
“ I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.”

O the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

WHEN?

If I were told that I should die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks, should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do ?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone ;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray,
For one more day ; —

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever : " Lord, within Thy keeping
How should I fear ?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe ; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long ; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile,—could calmly say,
“It is His day.”

But if a wondrous hand, from the blue yonder,
Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do ?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master !
Other than this :
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee ?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest
hide Thee,
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God ; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise ;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's fruition,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait,
If Thou come late.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

BE STRONG.

Be strong to hope, O Heart !
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O Heart of mine,
Look towards the light !

Be strong to bear, O Heart !
Nothing is vain ;
Strive not, for life is care,

And God sends pain ;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain !

Be strong to love, O Heart !
Love knows not wrong ;
Didst thou love creatures even,
Life were not long ;
Didst thou love God in Heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

SOMETIME.

Sometime, my child, thou'lt know why bubbles float
so gaily,

While breaks the bowl, e'en ere thy pastime's done ;
Know why sweet roses fade, while scentless blooms
grow daily ;

Why storm-clouds veil, when earth needs summer
sun.

Sometime, my child, thou'lt know why only sways
the sapling,

While the great oak succumbs before the storm .
Know why the weakling with life's chances
Stands, while the giant lies a prostrate f

Sometime, my child, thou'lt know why bounties rich
are given

To those who idly fritter them away,
While others, who to us, have nobly striven
For God's best gifts, go empty on their way.

Sometime, my child, thou'lt know why hearts are ever
thirsting

For waters hid, whose gurgle they can hear;
Why the forbidden fruit hangs o'er us ripe to burst-
ing;
Why the Far Off cannot be the Near.

Sometime, my child, thou'lt know why tears should
slowly trickle

From eyes that ill become the moist of grief;
Why friends we thought were constant, prove but
fickle;
Why life's a burden — death a sweet relief.

Sometime, my child, thou'lt surely guess the full,
true meaning

Of life's perplexing problem. Cease to sigh!
Be steadfast, true! On hopes beyond, be leaning!
Sometime, my child — not yet, but by and by!

TALBOT TORRANCE.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary :
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELL' W.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSION.

I said if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth ;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth —

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my sufferings stricken out —

.
Yea! I said if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me at my bidding — still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant even, more straight or wide,
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all,
Its weakness — its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been helps, not hindrances.

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less — you will understand —

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin ;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show !
Why look at the moon from where we stand !
Opaque — uneven, you say : yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand !

So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old ;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best, or it had not been, I hold.

PHÆBE CARY.

LIBERALITY.

Give while thou canst, it is a godlike thing,
Give what thou canst, thou shalt not find it loss ;
Still see thou scatter wisely ; for to fling
Good seeds on rocks, or sands, or thorny ground,
Were not to copy Him, whose generous cross
Hath this poor world with rich salvation crowned.
And when thou lookest on woes and want around,
Knowing that God hath lent thee all thy wealth,

That better it is to give than to receive,
That riches cannot buy thee joy nor health,—
Why hinder thine own welfare ? thousands grieve,
Whom if thy pitying hand will but relieve,
They shall for thine own wear the robe of gladness
weave.

TUPPER.

SMALL GIFTS.

Who gives the world a noble thought,
And writes it out, in prose or rhyme,
May furnish for some lowly soul,
A stepping-stone on which to climb.

For I believe each child of earth,
However darkly stained by sin,
Still holds the hope that higher worth
Somehow, somewhere, he yet may win.

Then send your noblest thoughts abroad,
Nor idly wait some higher call ;
Give to humanity and God
Your best ; nor deem the gift too small.

TIRED.

I would lie down and take the needed rest
After fatiguing toil;
But when I think of hearts that are unblest,
I from such rest recoil,

For who but selfish mortals could behold
The vanquished in this life
And ne'er desire to help both young and old,
To comfort in the strife ?

I sometimes tire of singing o'er again
The song of sympathy ;
But when sad hearts are gladdened by the strain,
I cannot silent be.

.
So, though I'm weary, I will not lie down
'Till my life-work is done ;
And then I know that God will give a crown
After the race is run.

The rest will be the sweeter by and by,
If I toil on and wait ;
And though I weep, my tears will all be dry
When I pass through Heaven's gate.

My joy will be the greater, too, I know,
If I but do my best
To lighten weary burdens here below
And bring to others rest.

REV. THOMAS MACMURRAY, LL. D.

“PRIESTS UNTO GOD.”

There is a silent ministry
That knows no rite of book or bell ;
That eyes divine alone can see,
And heaven's own language only tell.

It has no altars and no fane,
No waiting crowd, no tuneful choir ;
It serves from beds of speechless pain,
From lips that anguish brands with fire.

From homes of want, and loss, and woe,
Its worship rises up to Him
Who hears those accents faint and low,
Through the loud praise of cherubim.

The dauntless heart, the patient soul,
That faces life's severest stress
With smiling front and stern control,
suffering kin to bless ;

.
 The tempered will that bows to God,
 And knows Him good though tempests lower,
 That owns the judgments of His rod
 Are but the hidings of his power ;
 That sings the sun behind the cloud,
 Intent to labor, pray and wait,
 Whatever winds blow low or loud,
 Sure of the harbor, soon or late ;
 Like the small blossoms by the way,
 Enduring cold, enjoying sun,
 In rain, or snow, or sprinkling spray,
 Cheerful till all their life is done.
 Dear, homely ministers of love,
 Used and forgot, like light and air.
 Ah, when we reach that life above
 They will be stately seraphs there !
 ROSE TERRY COOKE, in *The Congregationalist*.

NO W.

.
 God's " Now " is sounding in your ears,
 Oh, let it reach your heart !
 Not only from your sinfulness
 He bids you part ;

Your righteousness as filthy rags
Must all relinquished be,
And only Jesus' precious death
Must be your plea.

Now trust the one provided rope,
Now quit the broken mast
Before the hope of safety be
Forever past.

Fear not to trust His simple word
So sweet, so tried, so true,
And you are safe for evermore,
Yes — even you.

FRANCES RIPLEY HAVERGAL.

HE LEADETH ME.

In pastures green ? Not always ; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways where heavy shadows be,

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night ;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this — I know He holds my hand !
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters ? No, not always so ;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day ;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie — what matter ? He is there.

And more than this : where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go ;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

Sabbath Reading.

THE EARLY HARVESTS.

O beautiful, beautiful days !
The joy and the crown of the year ;
Each heart feels the rapture of praise
As thy wonderful glories appear,
O beautiful, beautiful days !

O beautiful, beautiful days !
There is joy, there is life in thy breath ;
There is hope which never decays
When the harvests turn golden with death,
O beautiful, beautiful days !
B. N. T., in *The Youth's Companion*.

AUTUMN TRUSTING.

Though the rain may fall and the wind be blowing,
And cold and chill is the wintry blast,
Though the cloudy sky is still cloudier growing,
And the dead leaves tell that summer has passed.
My face I hold to the stormy heaven,
My heart is as calm as the summer sea,
Glad to receive what my God has given,
Whate'er it be.

Small were my faith should it weakly falter,
Now that the roses have ceased to blow,
Frail were the trust that now should alter,
Doubting His love when storm-clouds grow.
If I trust Him once I must trust Him ever,
And His way is best though I stand or fall,
Through wind and storm He will leave me never,
He sends it all. E. N. TAYLOR.

RISE!

Rise, for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you ;
Each man has some part to play ;
The past and the future are nothing
In face of the stern to-day.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

HYMN.

Inscribed by permission to the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Congregational
Church, Detroit, Michigan.

The voice of Jesus calls us,
And we, a youthful band,

To Him make glad surrender,
And wait His blest command.
For service or for conflict,
For aid to human needs,
With Christ's own name upon us
We'll follow where He leads.

E'en now the voice of battle
Falls on the listening ear ;
And cries for help are sounding —
They come from far and near :
The conflict wild is raging,
The battle's in array ;
The powers of sin and darkness
Are girded for the fray.

His presence to be with us
He's promised as we go,
And strength for each encounter
With seen and unseen foe.
High courage, earnest purpose,
Strong faith in Israel's God
Be ours, as forth we journey
Along the untried road.

"Christ and the Church" our watchword,
The blood-stained banner nigh,

Though long and fierce the battle,
The cross we'll raise on high;
And blessed with heavenly favor
Through all our earthly way,
With steadfast, firm "Endeavor"
We'll march to victory.

MRS. GEORGE M. LANE.

GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.

Back to the fields that are harvest-white,
The Master's fields of unsaved souls;
Shall we forth, to reap in His royal might,
With the sickle of truth that love controls?

The reapers are few, and the fields are wide,
And Christ is calling to you and me;
Shall we heed the voice of the Crucified,
And harvest the sheaves for eternity?

To live for self is a theft from God;
But to serve Him well in the humblest ways,
And follow the path that the Saviour trod,
Is riches and honor and endless praise.

With a zeal new-born of communion sweet,
And our hearts refilled from the fountain above,

We enlist 'neath the banner no host can defeat,
For Christ our Lord and the church we love.

GEORGE E. DAY, in *The Golden Rule*.

**" WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED
TO-DAY?"**

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

'Tis a voice of the olden time,
Awakening echoes from far away,
To surge in a solemn chime.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

The harvest indeed is great,
The Lord of the harvest pray,
That the fields for the gleaners wait.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

Hast thou followed those who reap,
Or do the fields by thy delay
Their scattered stalks still keep?

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

Hast thou sat with folded hands,
Loitered by the way,
In the reaper bands?

The fields stretch far and wide,
And before we kneel to pray,
May we ask at every eventide
“Where have I gleaned to-day?”
WHITING BANCROFT, in *Sabbath Reading*.

COUNT THE MERCIES.

Count the mercies! count the mercies!
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep a faithful daily record
Of the mercies from above.
Look at all the fertile places
In life's weary desert way;
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts each day.
Count the mercies! count the mercies!
See them strewn along our way.

Count the mercies, though the trials
Seem to number more each day;
Count the trials, too, as mercies,
Add them to the grand array.
Trials are God's richest blessings,

Sent to prompt our upward flight;
As the eagle's nest — all broken
Makes them fly to loftier height,
Count them mercies ! count them mercies !
That bring Heaven within our sight.

Let us number all our jewels,
Let us estimate their worth ;
Let us thank the gracious Giver,
Strewing blessings o'er the earth ;
Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness,
Let us tell the wonders o'er,
Till our multiplying treasures
Seem a countless, hoardless store.
Then let praises, grateful praises,
Be our language evermore.
MRS. MARY D. JAMES, *in Christian at Work.*

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

Pause not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
Mor- -ahly the rose heart keeps glowing,
- r stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thee;
Work,—thou shalt ride o'er Care's coming;
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow
Work with a stout heart and resolute will

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm in its stalworth pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not! though shame, sin, and anguish are round
thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness, — a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, — be it ever so lowly!
Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good — not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure —
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

.
We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets.

.
Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating —
Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;

For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

ALICE CARY.

MY CROSS.

It is not heavy agonizing woe
Bearing me down with hopeless crushing load,
Not reputation lost, nor friends betrayed —
That such is not my cross, I thank my God.

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain,
Longing each morning for the weary night —
At night, for weary day to come again.

.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of daily duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles — overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily round,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel;
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, but 'tis everywhere;
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down — Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down, I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness unto perfect day.

From The Shadow of the Rock.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

“In the Cross of Christ I glory,”
Sweetly sung with lisping tongue,
Caught his lips the sacred story
Loved ones o'er his cradle sung;
Caught his ear the tuneful measure,
Ere his heart saw in the rhyme
Mortals' hope of Heaven's treasure,
“Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time.”

“In the Cross of Christ I glory,”
Sang his youth's maturer years,
Sang as blithely, promissory,
As the lark when summer nears;

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,"
Rose as bubbles children toss.
"Never shall the Cross forsake me,"
Ah, would he forsake the Cross ?

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Proudly sang his manhood's prime,
Though his soul swept transitory
As the whisp'ring wings of time ;
"When the sun of bliss is beaming,"
Ah, so blindingly it shone,
"From the Cross the radiance streaming,"
Lighted up his lips alone.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang a trusting child again.
Bowed the head with sorrows hoary,
Now as humble, meek as then.
"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,"
And all these his soul had tried ;
Heart and lips poured forth the measure,
"By the Cross are sanctified."

.
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Tolled the bells in measures slow ;
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang the singers sweet and low ;

Spake the pastor of the glory
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,"
Over there is heard the story,
"Gathered 'round its head sublime."
The Current.

WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

I would have gone; God bade me stay,
I would have worked; God bade me rest;
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go.
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil;
But, Christ my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil
And rest with Thee?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

DOES ANY ONE KNOW?

Does any one know what's in your heart and mine,
The sorrow and song,
The demon of sin and the angel divine,
The right and the wrong;
The dread of the darkness, the love of day,
The ebb and the flow
Of hope and of doubt forever and aye —
Does any one know ?

.
Does any one hearken to music of bells,
And the sigh of the sea,
And the whisper of woodlands that murmurs and
swells
For you and for me ;
The sound of fond voices that ever respond,
In tones soft and low,
To the prayer we are breathing into the beyond,
Does any one know ?

NIXON WATERMAN.

HE KNOWETH ALL.

The Twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to h
The story of the day.

The old, old story ; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call ;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all ! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all — I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close ;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows !

And He has loved me ! All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding, on His breast,
Who knows and pities all !

Author Unknown.

WORK.

Work, for it is a worthy thing,
With worthy ends in view,
To tread the path that God ordains,
With steadfast hearts and true,
That will not quail, whate'er betide,
But bravely bear us through.

It recks not what the place may be
That we are called to fill,
How much there is of seeming good,
How much of seeming ill;
'Tis ours to bend the energies
And consecrate the will.

Work, and with cheerful, earnest hearts,
Your bravest and your best;
For in a busy world like ours
There is no place of rest;
And think not they who vainly dream
Their lives away, are blest.

For in each weary, painful task
A lesson is inwrought,
If we would read the truth aright,
And let ourselves be taught
Patience, and faith, and fortitude,
And fixedness of th

Work with the head and heart and hands,
And ever bear in mind
That there are sorrows here to soothe
And spirits bruised to bind,
And cords of love in closer bond
Round human hearts to wind.

'Tis true the flesh will oftentimes fail,
When life is dim and drear;
Then closer cling to Him whose voice
Can still each doubt and fear,
And shed on these dark hearts of ours
Heaven's sunshine calm and clear.

FAILURE.

The Lord, who fashioned my hands for working,
Set me a task, and it is not done;
I've tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to westward sinketh the sun.

Noble the task that was kindly given
To one so small and weak as I,
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
Never, as days and years went by.

.
Happy be they who strove to help me,
Failing ever in spite of their aid ;
Fain would their love have borne me with them,
But I was unready and sore afraid.

Now, I know my task will never be finished,
And when the Master calleth my name,
The voice will find me still at my labor,
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,
And when He looks for the fruit of years,
Nothing have I to lay before Him
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten ;
Mine eyes are dim, and their light is gone ;
And I am as weary as though I carried
A burden of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
Meekly, thus, in the shape of His cross ;
And the Lord who made them so frail and feeble,
Maybe will pity their

THE PILGRIM.

The way is dark, my Father! cloud on cloud
Is gathering quickly o'er my head; and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom lead safely home Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal,
While yet I journey through this weary land.
Keep me from wandering! Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight lead to heaven's gate Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blessed land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And, reaching down, lead to the crown Thy child.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light;
I would not have thee always walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom lead safely home my child.

The way is long, my child! but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee,

And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
Close to the gate, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight led to heaven's gate my child.

The cross is heavy, child ! yet there is One
Who bore a heavier for thee : My Son,
My Well-Beloved ; with Him bear thine, and stand
With Him at last, and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down, receive thy crown, my child !
Oroomiah, Persia. HENRY N. COBB.

DEVOTION.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God ! silent to Thee, —
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God ! trembling to Thee, —
True, fond, trembling to Thee.

THOU

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Oh, brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

WHITTIER.

SWEET WILL OF GOD.

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;

And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

He always wins who sides with God,
To Him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

FABER.

MISTAKES.

Everything that is high, is not holy; nor every desire pure; nor all that is sweet, good; nor every thing that is dear to man, pleasing to God. — THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Might we but view the shore
Of this dim world, as from heaven's hill it gleams,
How should we blame the tear unduly shed,
And tax the truant joy! How should we see
Amaz'd, our own mistakes: — the lowly tomb
Of our lost idols blooming thick with flowers
Such as the seraph's bosom bears above,

And the steep cliff where we have madly blown
 Ambition's victor-trump, with storm-clouds crown'd
 To wreck the unwary soul : wealth's hoarded gold,
 Eternal poverty ; and the meek prayer
 Of him who knew not where to lay his head,
 An heritage of glory.

.

Prosperity, alas !
 Is often but another name for pride,
 And selfishness, which scorns another's woe ;
 While our keen disappointments are the food
 Of that humility which entereth Heaven,
 Finding itself at home. The things we mourn,
 Work our eternal gain. Then let our joys
 Be tremulous as the leaf,
 And each affliction with a serious smile
 Be welcomed in at the heart's open door,
 As the good patriarch met his muffled guests
 And found them angels.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet ? the prayer your lips have pleaded
 In agony of heart these many years ?
Does faith begin to fail ? Is hope departing ?

And think you all in vain these falling tears ?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer ;
You shall have your desire some time ; somewhere.

Unanswered yet ? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking
So urgent was your heart to make it known ;
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet ? Nay, do not say ungranted —
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done ;
The work began when your first prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet ? Faith cannot be unanswered ;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock ;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted ;
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, " It shall be done," some time, somewhere.

COMING.

“It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me ;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet,
Therefore I tell you : Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar ;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

“It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;

When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly

Beside the bed :

Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch

In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,

And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh ;

When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill :

Behold I say unto you : Watch ;
Let the door be on the latch

In your home ;
In the chill before the dawning,

Between the night and morning,
I may come.

“It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day’s work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done,
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from your busy work
For evermore :
As you work your heart must watch
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come.”

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,

Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum-tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing —
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an Angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate —
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village

Whose dwelling was desolate)
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face :
“ Weep not,” he said, “ for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven ;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home ;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.”

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say :
“ Surely it is the shining of His face ! ”
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea ;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come ;

And the Angel answers sweetly
In my home :
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

MRS. B. MACANDREW, in *The Changed Cross*.

THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR.

When suns are low and nights are long,
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the queen of the year
In all her peerless charms —
December fair and holly-crowned
With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train
Veiled in the spotless snow,
Or decked with the blooms of paradise
What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat
When the noons of harvest glow.

But O, the joy of the rolling year,
The queen with peerless charms !
Is she who comes through the waning light
To keep the world from harms —
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

THE OLD SONG.

The angels sang in the silent night,
While the shepherds watched, and the beams were
bright ;

And though years like a river have flowed along,
Yet we are singing the angels' song :
Peace upon earth, and to men good-will,
And glory to God, we are singing still.

They herald yet the joyful morn,
When the Prince of Peace as a child was born ;
And we look back through the ages dim,
And come, like the shepherds, to worship Him ;
Saviour, Redeemer, and Priest, and King,
Our hearts are the gifts that to Thee we bring.

Fir-tree and pine, and the myrtle bough,
Are woven in garlands to greet Thee now,
And the frosty sunshine of Christmas Day,
Is fairer to us than the light of May.
O Jesus ! Lord of the worlds above,
Thine be the glory, and ours the love.

So shall we welcome Thee, year by year,
So shalt Thou grow in our hearts more dear,
So shall no taint of the world's alloy
Shadow the light of our Christmas joy ;

While peace upon earth, and to men good-will,
And glory to God, we are singing still.

A. G. R.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth,
Ay, the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.
DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

SINGING FOR JESUS.

Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love;
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as we'll praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvelous grace;
Love from eternity, Love without end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light,
Singing for Him as we press to the mark;

Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

Singing for Jesus, Oh, singing for joy !
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus forever above.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to-night,
And now was Queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign, —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away, —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He paused, for naught
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought ;
The air how calm, and cold, and thin, —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

O strange indifference ! — Low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still, but knew not why ;
The world was listening, — unawares !
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !

To that still moment none could heed,
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever, —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven, —
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

IMMANUEL.

Ring, sweet bells of Christendom,
Everywhere the tidings tell
How the Lord to earth did come,
Ring and tell!

Swift to seek and save the lost,
More than merciful He came;
Glad to pay life's bitter cost,
Jesus came.

Prince of peace, the Heavenly King,
As a mortal babe disguised
He appeared whom angels sing,
Earth-disguised.

.
In the perfect path He trod,
Still His footprints mark the way ;
Out to men and up to God,
Show the way.

Out to men in love that breaks
Bread of charity with all,
And thrice-blessed then ! forsakes
Self for all.

Up to God in deeds like prayers,
In obedience to Him ;
And in faith, love's altar-stairs
Reared to Him.

Ring, sweet bells of Christendom,
Far and near the tidings tell
How the Lord to earth did come,
Ring and tell !

Join good Christians, east and west,
In Immanuel's endless praise,
And with deeds of mercy best
Show His praise !

Still the Christmas angels sing :
 "Glory be to God most high !"
The eternal echoes ring :
 "God most high !"

Lift your songs in unison :
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men !"
Mingle song and life in one
 Wide "Amen !"

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

THE OLD YEAR'S BOOK.

Now close the book and lay it away —
The Old Year's Book ; we have read it through ;
Leaf after leaf, and day after day,
We have turned the pages, both I and you.

What it has told us full well we know ;
Each for himself the story has read ;
A bitter tragedy, full of woe —
Alas ! they found it who mourn their dead.

And some have read of trial and pain,
Of weary burdens, so hard to bear,
Of bright hopes crushed, again and
Turning its pages in blank despair.

"A pleasant story," others may say,
"Telling us more of joy than of pain ;
Almost sadly we lay it away —
Would we might open and read it again !"

And some have read it with love's own eyes,
By the light that love alone can give.
While the pages glowed with sweet surprise,
And life were joy, and 'twere joy to live.

But close the book — the story is old ;
Lay it away with a smile or a tear ;
Written in black, or written in gold,
We open the book of another year.



ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year is dawning !
Dear Father, let it be
In working or in waiting
Another year with Thee !

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Father, let it be,
On earth or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

*RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE
NEW.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

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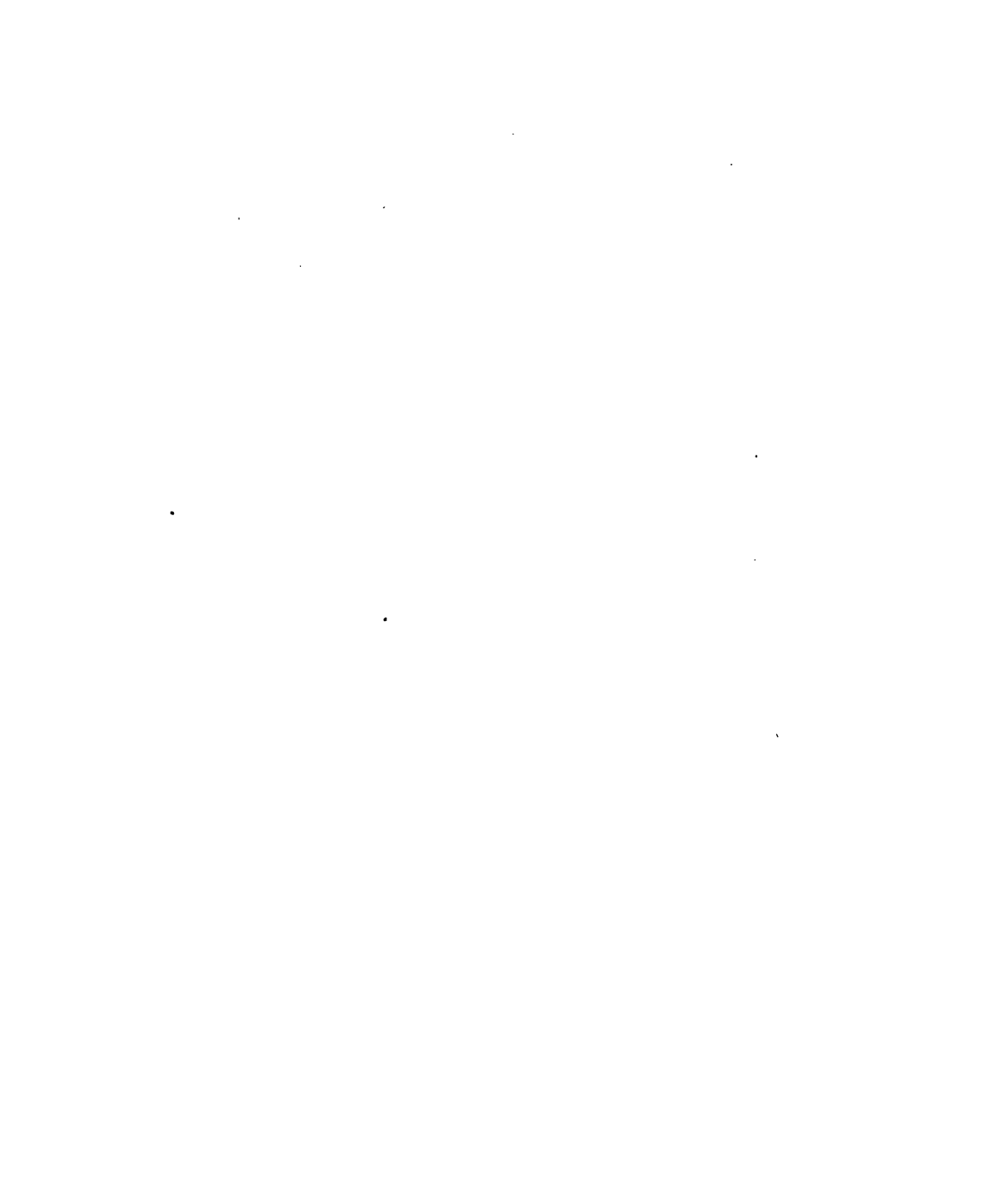
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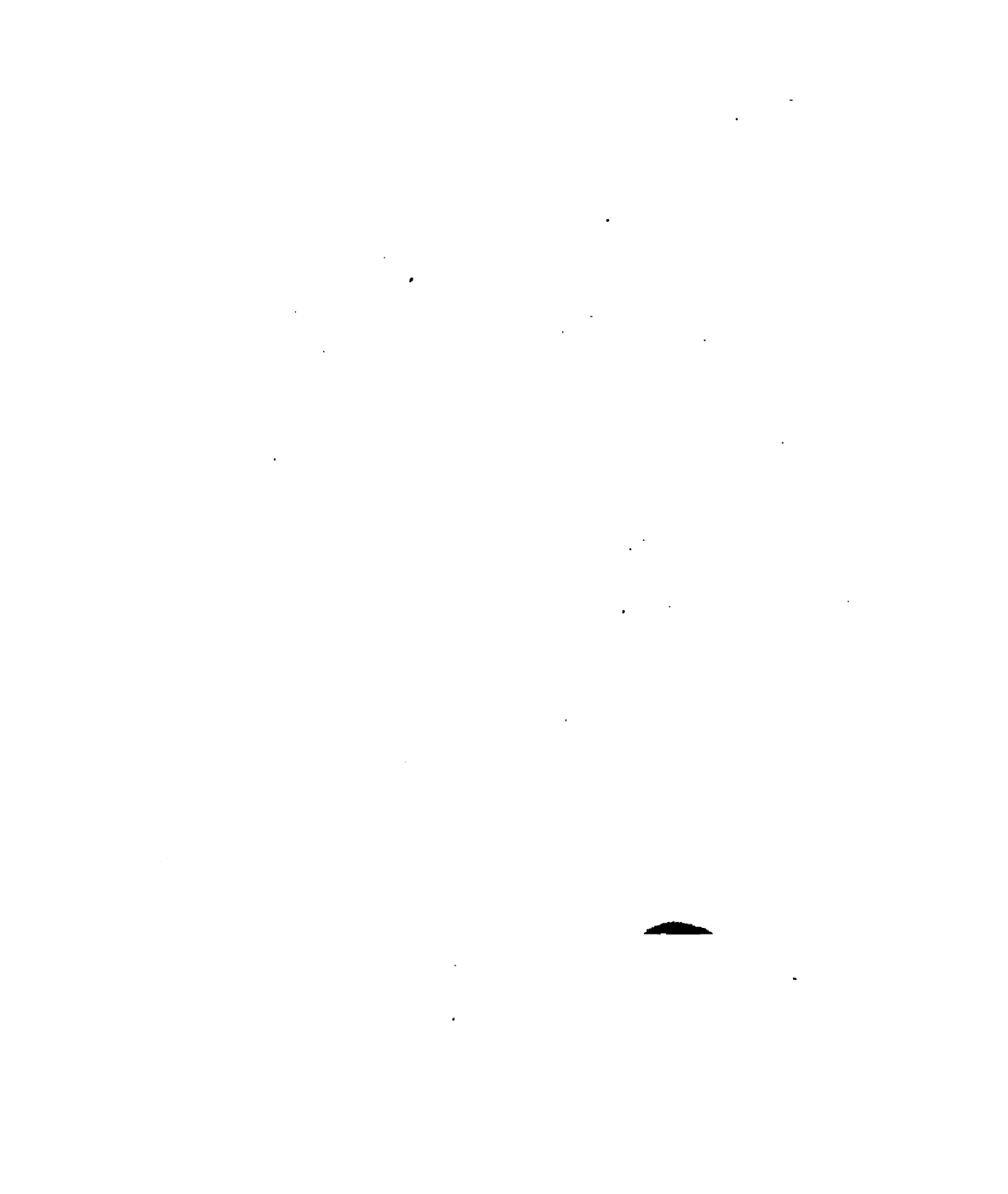


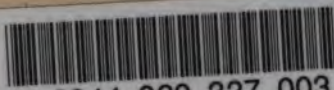
1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2.









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